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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICAN LIFE

JULY
1960
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MEET MRS. JACK KENNEDY



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EDITOR

Kevin A. Lynch, C.S.P.

MANAGING EDITOR

Joseph A. Kneeland

ASSISTANT EDITOR

J. D. Nicola

EXECUTIVE MANAGER

Alvin A. Illig, C.S.P.

ADVISORY EDITOR

Richard Cardinal Cushing

ART DIRECTOR

Claude Ponsot

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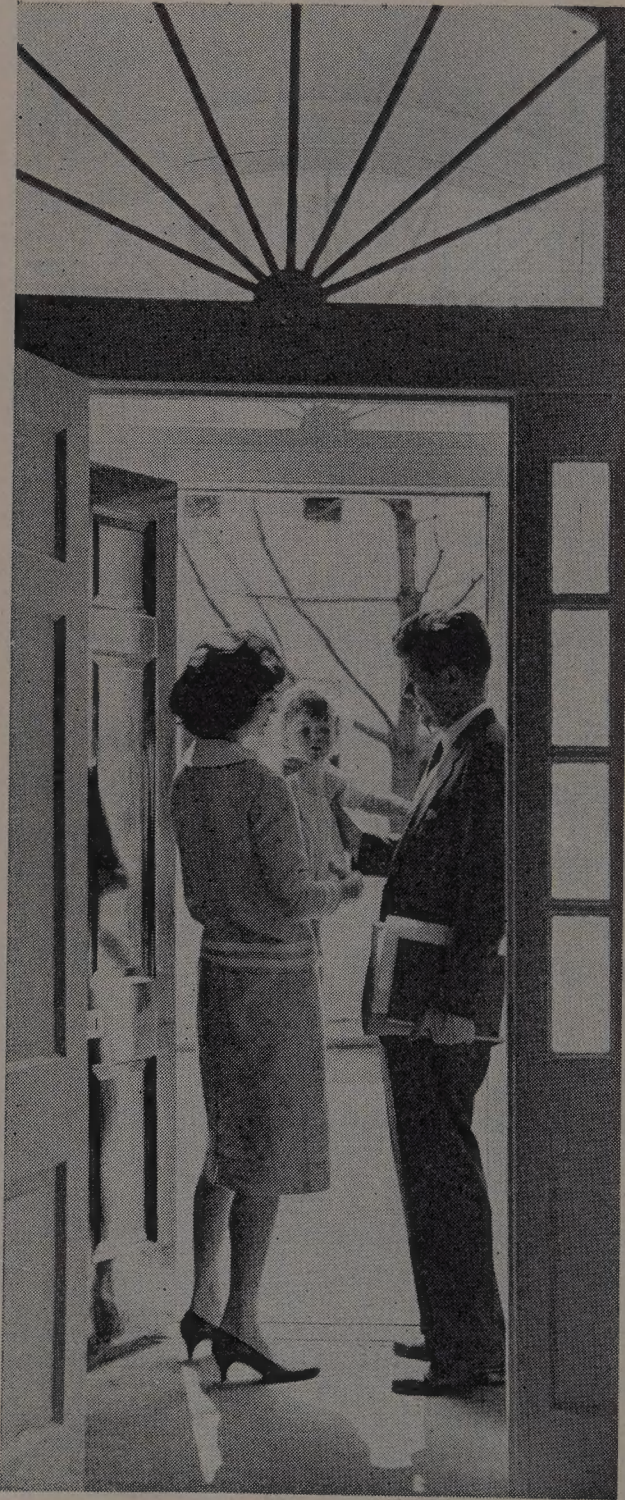
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Senator John F. Kennedy and Jacqueline with their daughter, Caroline, in the entrance of their Washington home.

Meet

by AMELIA YOUNG

Jacqueline takes out time to play with 2½-year-old Caroline.



WHEN Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy was called upon to speak at a recent luncheon in Washington, D. C., reporters observed a new dimension of confidence in her manner.

She appeared relaxed and happy on the platform. She seemed, as one of them said, "almost to enjoy it."

The reporter's comment obliquely expressed what is a widely-held opinion about the wife of

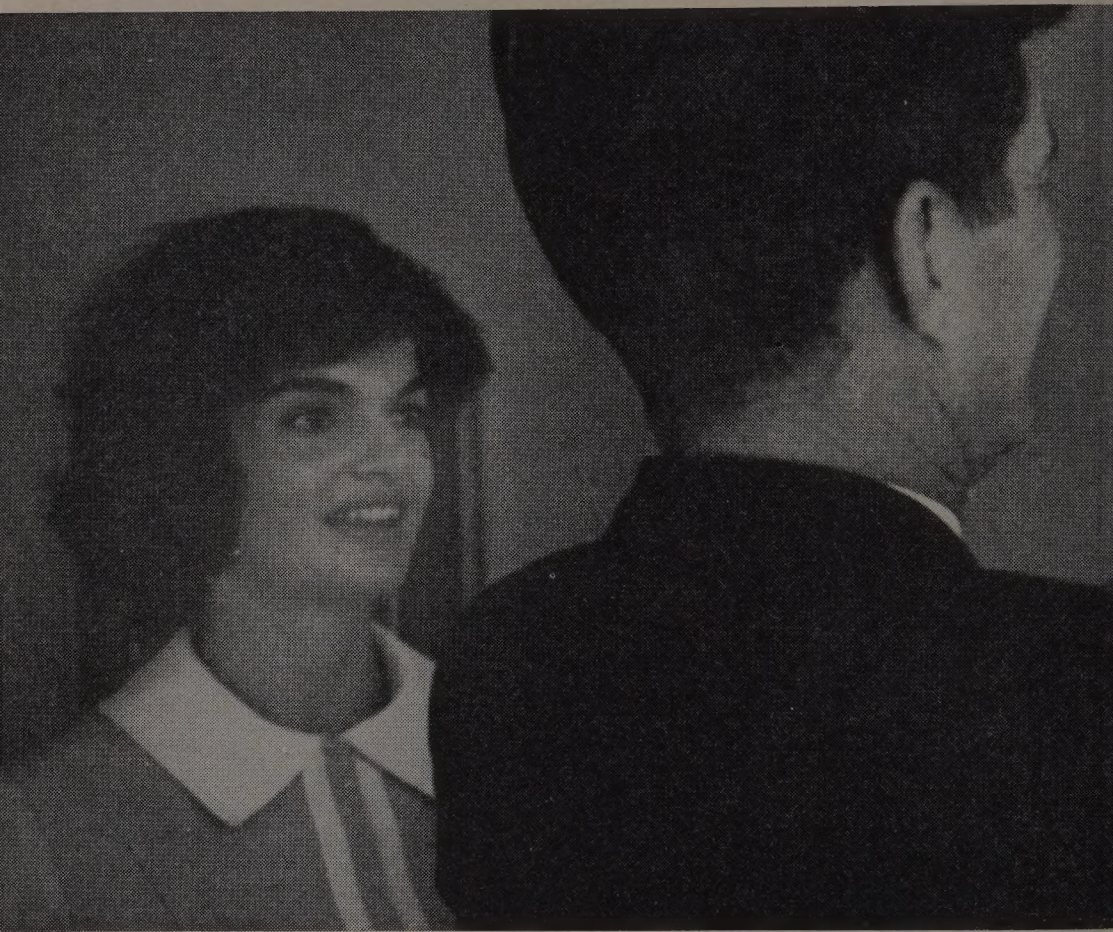
Mrs. Jack Kennedy

Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts:

Any enthusiasm she may now feel for life on the political circuit is a stoically-acquired taste, developed with a good many secret grimaces though always with public grace.

Mrs. Kennedy is unquestionably an asset to





her husband, the leading contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

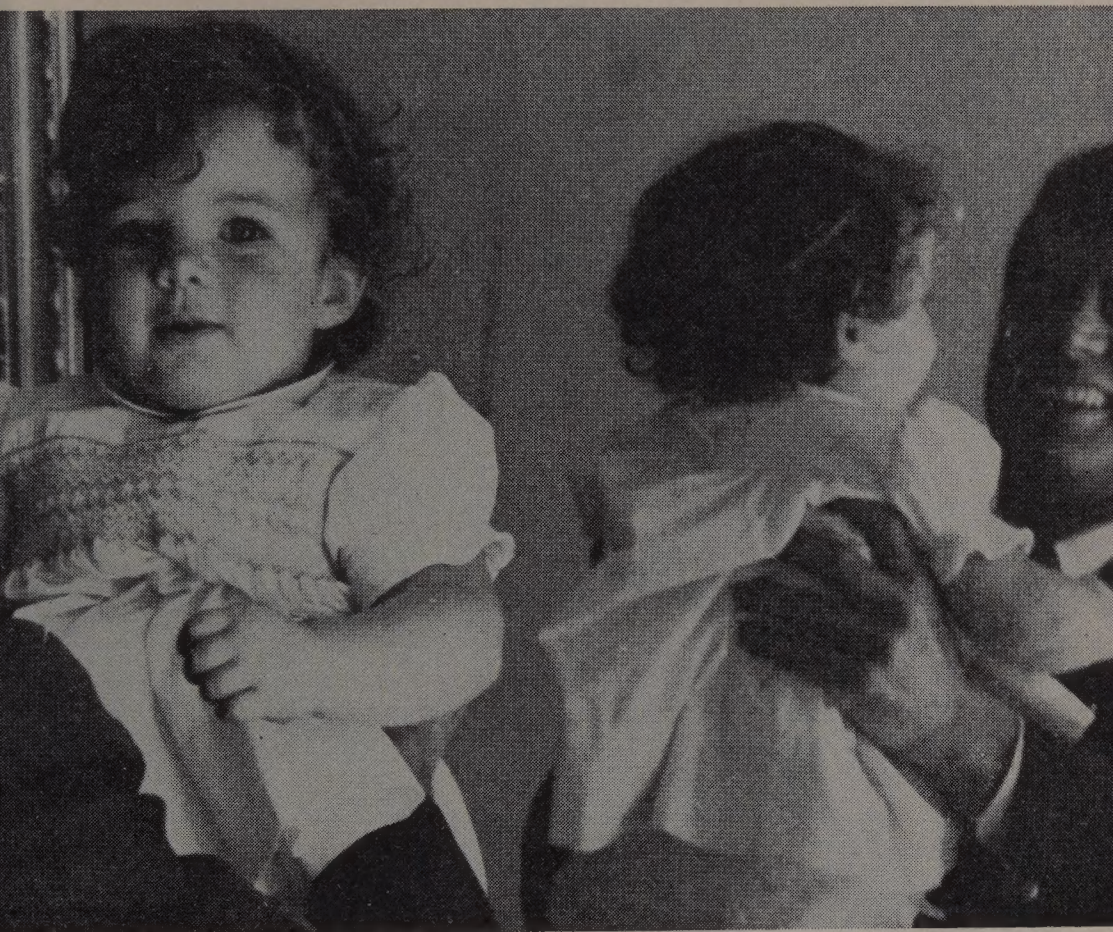
Not only is she young (31 this month) and beautiful to look at—with her wide hazel eyes, delicate coloring and rich brown hair—she is charming, accomplished and discreet as well.

Mrs. Kennedy has accompanied her husband on most of his campaign tours during the last six months, helping him in a hundred wifely ways, taking over the little

energy-sapping chores of campaign travel. In the course of the trips she has met and chatted with homemakers around the country, subtly winning support for the Senator as she passed the time of day.

Some politicians' wives thrive on this diet of travel and excitement. They may become exhausted with the pace but they seem to love it nonetheless.

While Mrs. Kennedy has called the campaign activity "exhilarating," she also says, "It's a rather



Up in his arms goes Caroline when Daddy arrives home from work.

unnatural existence, don't you think? It takes a bit of getting used to." Acclimated now, she still occasionally drops a wistful remark to indicate she's not entirely comfortable.

The one place where she really feels at home is—home. This may be a four-bedroom, white-shingled Cape Cod house in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, where the Kennedys spend their summers and weekends throughout the year. Or, a three-story red brick house in

Georgetown, an historic, quaint section of the nation's Capital.

She is happiest when sharing the few quiet hours with her husband and with their fetching blonde daughter, Caroline, age 2½. "I adore taking care of her," Jacqueline says.

She loves fixing up the house, reading, painting and antique-hunting, and she enjoys having a few friends in for an informal dinner. Although the Kennedys could afford it, they don't give large and



Jacqueline devotes many hours outside her home to social work in the Washington area.

lavish parties and are rarely seen at the thousand Capital cocktail parties that keep many Congressional couples on the go evening after evening.

Fellow residents of Georgetown may catch a glimpse of Mrs. Kennedy walking Caroline around the block, or (in a calmer season) taking in the neighborhood movie with her husband, or heading for Sunday Mass at Holy Trinity. Like other Georgetown Catholics, she and the Senator sometimes cross parish boundaries to hear Mass at Epiphany, a small appealingly-simple one-time mission church

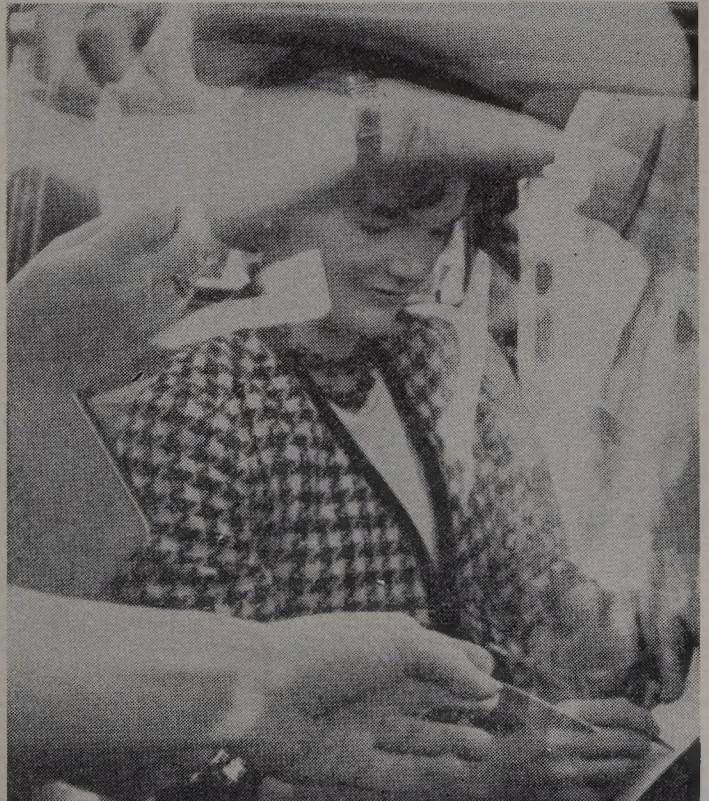
which has become the neighborhood's second parish.

Their house on N street is decorated with Empire furniture—antiques—reflecting Mrs. Kennedy's interest in 18th Century Europe as well as her good taste. The place looks both elegant and comfortable.

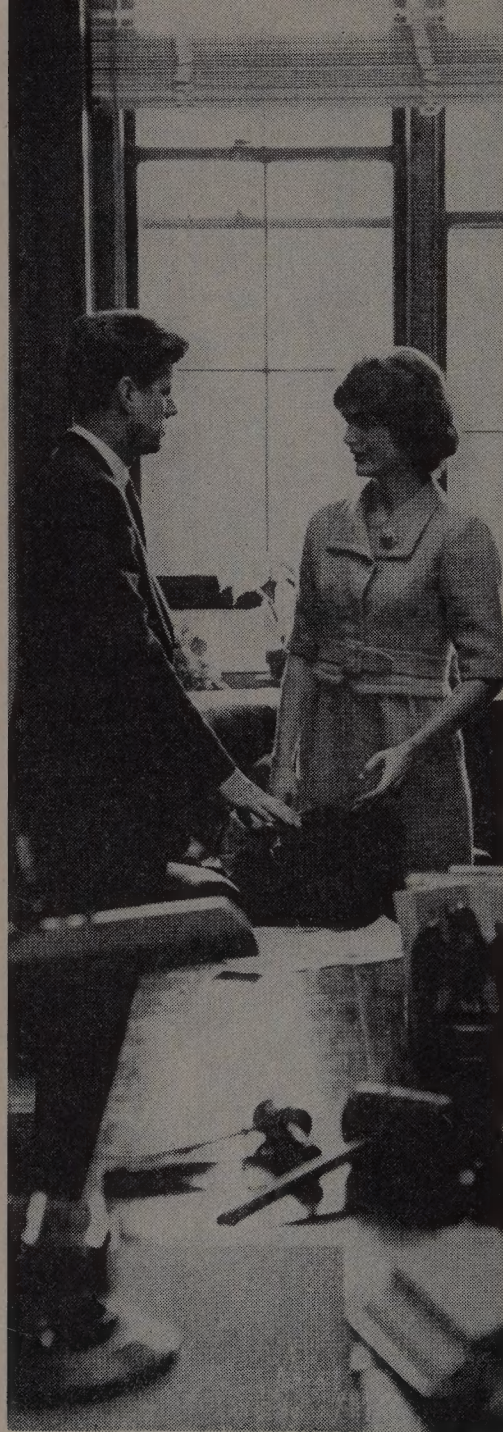
The couple has servants and a nursemaid for Caroline. Mrs. Kennedy admits she's not much of a cook and isn't too keen about the routine aspects of housekeeping. She does take pride in seeing that the house runs smoothly and loves the aesthetic side of homemaking—



Jacqueline accompanied her husband in his swing through Oregon prior to the recent state primaries. At Coos Bay she submits to autograph seekers.



At Riverside, California, it's the same story — autographs by the dozen.



The Senator with his wife at his office in the Senate building.

decorating, flower-arranging, menu-planning and the like.

She does everything she can to create and perpetuate a peaceful atmosphere for her husband's benefit. "Like turning the telephone down," she says. "It rings almost inaudibly, I hope."

"I try to make this a relaxed place, a real change from his office."

Mrs. Kennedy's powerful attachment to home partly explains her early reluctance to hit the campaign trail. But almost as hard to accept as the sacrifice of family time was the public exposure a candidate's wife must submit to.

"I feel very strongly about privacy," Mrs. Kennedy said recently.



The Senator and Jacqueline at work and at home

She quickly added, "I don't feel it's been abused."

But of course, she is constantly pelted these days with queries about her husband, her home, her background, her feelings on this and that. And for her husband's sake she must either give a straight answer or tactfully parry the question.

She is cordial to the press—she worked during the year before her marriage as inquiring photographer for the old Washington *Times-Herald*. But she finds interviews a chore. She appealed to one journalist, "Please, I cannot give another interview. I've given

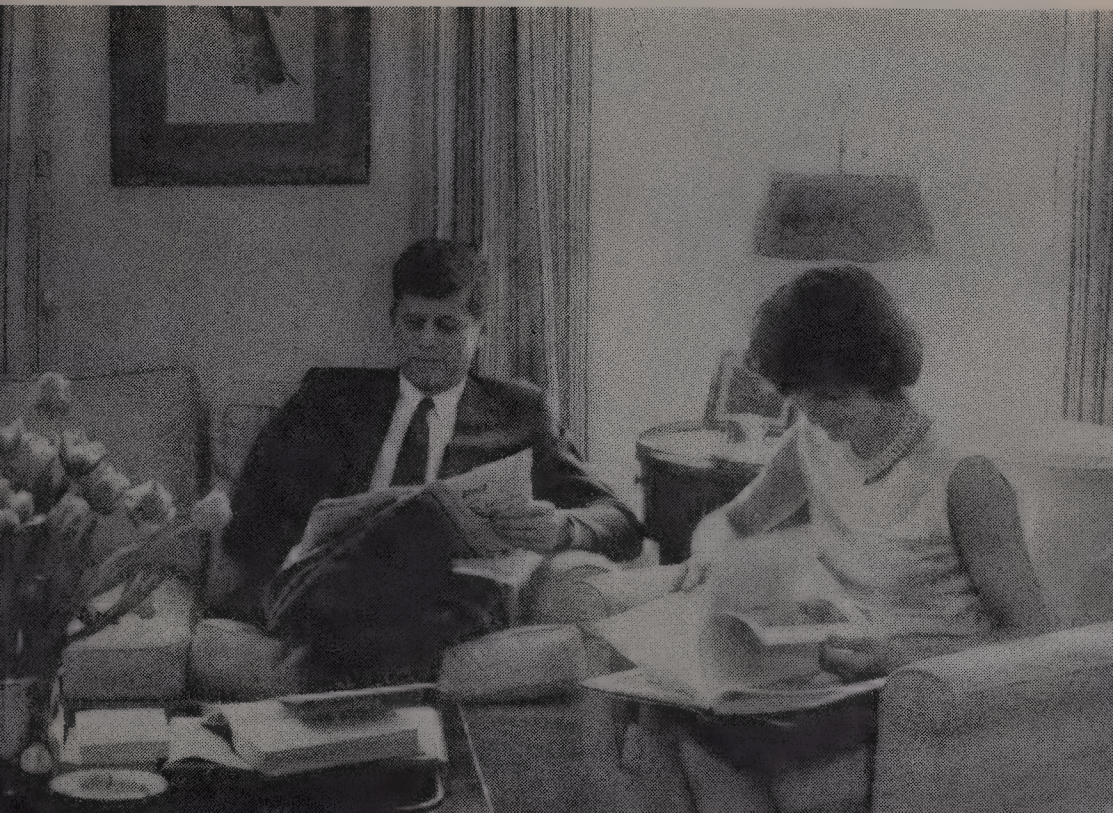
so many already."

"Perhaps," she added, almost penitently, "if you have just a few questions. . . ."

She doesn't mind being called Jacqueline by strangers but she does object to the more familiar "Jackie."

Somewhat shy and introspective by nature, Mrs. Kennedy was brought up to value reserve. Her parents were wealthy aristocrats and Jacqueline enjoyed an unusually sheltered childhood. She was sent to exclusive girls' schools—Chapin School in New York, Holton Arms in Washington, Miss Porter's in Farmington, Conn.—

Jacqueline's aim is to give her home a relaxed and peaceful atmosphere.





Friends drop in for a social call. The Kennedys do not enter the Washington social whirl.

and at home (a Park Avenue apartment) she was taught to speak French at the dinner table and pursue the arts.

When Jacqueline was about 10, her parents, the former Janet Lee of Long Island and New York financier John Vernou Bouvier, were divorced. She and her older sister Lee moved to McLean, Virginia, when their mother married Washington broker Hugh D. Auchincloss several years later.

Both girls were baptized and grew up in the Church. Their father came from a long list of French Catholics and their mother

was a Catholic too. On her maternal side, Mrs. Kennedy is related to Mother Katharine Drexel of Philadelphia, founder of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament.

As a teen-ager, Jacqueline was "independent, very much an individualist," according to one of her high school teachers, who remembers her vividly. "I don't see how anyone could forget Jacqueline."

The teacher, who had her for first-year Latin, called her "an excellent student, bright and alert," a well-rounded girl who didn't study too diligently because "she didn't have to. . . . She was exceptionally good at languages." (Mrs. Kennedy speaks Italian and Spanish as well as French, and has given "little talks" to foreign-language groups on occasion.)

Jacqueline attended Vassar College for two years and spent her junior year with the Smith group in Paris, studying at the Sorbonne. During her final year of college she lived at home in McLean with her mother and stepfather. She graduated from George Washington University.

Jacqueline was still a college student when she met the handsome young bachelor Congressman from Massachusetts. They were placed side by side at a Washington dinner party and each found the other an engaging partner. The courtship began some months later and continued, with the interruptions a politician's sweetheart can expect, for about two years. In June, 1953, six months after Jack was returned to Washington as a senator, they announced their engagement.

Jacqueline and Jack were married that fall in St. Mary's Church in Newport, Rhode Island, before as many guests as the little church would hold. It was reported there were 800 inside and thousands outside. Cardinal Richard Cushing of Boston, then an archbishop, officiated at the ceremony.

After a wedding trip to Mexico, the couple settled down in a large country house just outside Washington. Jacqueline, who had never cared much about politics, took a course in American history at the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service and began dipping into Jack's collection of political histories.

Within three years she found herself in the thick of a national convention (her first), watching her husband come within 38 votes of the Vice-Presidential nomination.

Jacqueline was pregnant at the time. Shortly after the convention she suffered a miscarriage and the terrific strain of the campaign climax was cited as the cause.

A hardier Mrs. Kennedy will accompany the Senator to the Democratic convention in Los Angeles later this month.

She doesn't speculate on the outcome. She says she lives from day to day going wherever Jack's career takes her, operating on the philosophy that marriage, for the wife, "is doing what her husband wants her to do." ■ ■

*Storytime,
and so to bed.*



OUR JURY SYSTEM IS ON TRIAL

by J. D. NICOLA



... and you are the jury

*A courtroom debate on whether or not
twelve people in a jury box are qualified
to sit in judgment of their fellow men.
At the trial's end, the verdict will be yours.*

HEAR YE, hear ye, hear ye. The Court of Public Opinion is now in session. The People versus the Jury System. The charge: obstruction of justice.

Clerk, swear the jury.

Please arise and raise your right hands. You do solemnly swear that you shall well and truly try and true deliverance make, between the People and the Accused, whom you shall have in charge, according to the evidence and the laws, so help you God? Answer "I do."

Are Counsel for the Prosecution and the Defense ready?

The Prosecution is ready, your Honor.

The Defense is ready, your Honor.

Mr. Prosecutor, you may proceed.

May it please the Court and ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the People intend to prove, with their witnesses and arguments, that the Jury System as we know it today should be done away with. The People find it rather fitting that, when the Prosecution's case is fully presented and the final summation made, you, the fine, distinguished, intelligent ladies and gentlemen of the jury, will have no other choice but to find

our archaic, unjust, worthless Jury System guilty as charged. Thank you, your Honor. I have no further opening comments.

Counsel for the Accused, do you wish to make your statement now?

If your Honor please, the Defense would like to reserve its statement until later.

Very well. Prosecutor, call your first witness.

The People will call Professor Charles L. Newman.

You do solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

I do.

Your name, please?

Charles L. Newman.

What do you do?

I'm a professor of social welfare at Florida State University.

Professor, are you familiar with *The Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science*?

Yes, I am. I've contributed to it.

Did you ever contribute an article on the Jury System?

Yes, I believe I did. I think it was in late 1955.

Would you tell the Court, in your own words, Professor, what the theme of that article was?

Yes. I said the Jury System was an outmoded relic of the 13th Cen-

tury. I felt that it was not appropriate for the present-day administration of justice.

You still think so?

Of course.

Please tell the Court why.

Well, trial by a "jury of peers," as it's called today, was designed to meet the needs of a non-urban agricultural society. Originally the jury was a group of neighbors who personally knew the accused and the circumstances of the alleged crime. At that time, when a man walked out of his house every man or woman encountered was known by face, occupation, family and antecedents. Today it is possible for an urban dweller to walk for an hour, a day or a week without seeing a familiar face.

Do you mean to say, Professor, that juries today might be unfair in their verdicts because they don't really know the individuals on trial, being thereby unable to understand the motivations of the accused?

I would say so; yes, I'd . . .

Your Honor, I object!

On what grounds?

On the grounds that the Prosecuting Attorney is attempting to lead the witness.

Objection sustained.

I move that the answer be stricken and the jury instructed to disregard both the question and the answer.

The motion is granted. The jury will please disregard the last question and answer. Proceed, Mr. Prosecutor.

Would you continue with your explanation of your thesis, Professor?

I believe that a jury, as selected today, lacks the training and natural ability to render a wise verdict. The average juror is swayed by the emotions and prejudices of his heredity, background, training . . . even his breakfast.

Are there any other factors you feel helped you arrive at your position, Professor?

Oh, many more, but particularly the fact that the jury's attitude toward the accused can vary with the type of charge. When the indictment is for violation of one of the many regulatory statutes, it is not impossible that the jurors can see themselves in the dock and sympathize with the defendant. Where the defendant has pulled off a fraud on big business, the jurors may regard him as a hero. But not the defendant accused of robbery, rape or something in that category. Whatever the law says, it may be that the jury puts on the defendant the burden of proving his innocence.

Thank you, Professor. Your witness.

No questions.

Call your next witness.

The People call Mr. Fred L. Strodbeck.

You do solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

I do.

Your name?

Fred Strodbeck.

Mr. Strodbeck, several years ago the University of Chicago School of Law undertook an extensive

We found out that executives and professional men dominated other members of the jury

study of the Jury System in the United States. Are you familiar with that study?

Yes, I am. I did research on that project.

Mr. Strodtbeck, would you tell the Court in your own words what your work entailed?

My research team studied 49 juries, organized from the regular jury pools of Chicago and St. Louis courts. In a mock jury setting the jurors heard a recorded trial, then retired to deliberate while we listened in.

And what did you learn?

We found out that executives and professional men — what we referred to as the “proprietor” class — dominated other members of the jury. In 18 of the 49 juries, the foreman selected was of the proprietor class. This was a high percentage considering the number of proprietor class people on the juries. They also contributed more to the discussion of the case. We found out, too, that on the juries the men outtalked the women.

Order! Order!

Mr. Strodtbeck, the fact that this “proprietor” class dominated the other members of the jury — did this have any noticeable effect upon the verdict?

That is hard to tell definitely. But we did find that the proprietor class’s pre-deliberation of what the verdict should be was often in agreement with the jury’s final de-

cision. The other occupational classes more often were in pre-deliberation disagreement with the jury’s eventual verdict.

Thank you, Mr. Strodtbeck. You have been most helpful. Your witness.

Mr. Strodtbeck, was the purpose of your research project to determine whether the Jury System ought to be abolished?

No, sir; it was not.

What *was* the purpose, then?

To find out how the juries operate; to what extent they understood the instructions of the judge; how they are able to handle difficult problems of evidence.

Would you say that the study was designed to learn how the Jury System might be improved rather than whether or not it ought to be abolished?

Yes, I would say so.

Thank you, Mr. Strodtbeck. No further questions.

Your Honor, before calling the People’s next and final witness, with the Court’s permission I should now like to read into the record several excerpts from the March 28, 1960, issue of *Life* magazine. I ask that this copy I have here be marked People’s Exhibit 1 for identification.

It may be so marked.

The excerpts I beg the Court’s permission to read are from an article entitled, “From the Inside: Why the Finch Jury Disagreed,”

by Davis Thomas. The "Finch Jury" referred to here is the original panel of jurors whose widely publicized deadlock caused a mistrial in California's prosecution of Dr. Bernard Finch and Carole Tregoff, accused of murdering Mrs. Finch. The comments of the jurors, as reported in this article, are most enlightening, I would say. I quote:

"I was even willing to let Miss Tregoff go if we could get a verdict against Dr. Finch—but the other side couldn't see that."

"It was especially difficult for 12 people to agree on all the different charges, and this complicated things."

"Miss Mann (a juror) recalls that during the early part of the trial she had been unsure of her opinion of both Dr. Finch and Miss Tregoff, but she was offended by the fact that they rarely looked at the jury. 'In all those weeks Finch glanced at us a few times, but Carole never did. Some of the jurors said that when they caught Carole's eye, she looked away snippily. If I were innocent I would make sure that I got the idea across to the jury.'"

"If we could not agree on the plain charge of murder, perhaps we could agree on a charge of second degree murder for Dr. Finch. I was willing to back down on my conviction that it was 1st degree murder if the rest of them would go for second degree murder."

The next two excerpts, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, are most damning, I think you'll agree.

"Says Mrs. Long (a juror), 'In my opinion, there should never be

a jury for a trial like this one picked from the rolls of registered voters. This type of case should be tried by superior court judges who know the law and are minus all sympathy and emotions and can decide the case on the evidence and the law.'"

"I think that's where the jury system is all wrong: the selection of the jury. I believe the state should go into their personal lives, probe deeply and select people of intellectual ability to serve, and then pay them decently for it. It would be less expensive in the long run. Unless they make some pretty sharp revision of the jury system, I would feel that should I ever be charged with a crime, God forbid, I would go to the judge and say, 'I'll stand trial before a judge, but not a jury.'"

Your Honor, the People offer in evidence People's Exhibit 1 for identification as People's Exhibit 1.

It may be so received. Proceed.

The People call Professor Harry C. Kalven, Jr.

You do solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

I do.

Your name, please?

Harry Kalven.

What do you do?

I'm a professor at the University of Chicago Law School.

Professor Kalven, were you in charge of the jury study project conducted by the University?

I was. The Law School obtained a sizeable grant from the Ford

Such cases should be tried by judges who know the law and are minus all sympathy and emotions

Foundation to conduct this study.

Professor, isn't it true that you and your colleagues were much in the public light in 1955 as a result of your jury study project?

I suppose you mean the bugging. Yes, I suppose we were.

Professor, would you refresh the Court's memory about this "bugging"?

Certainly. As part of our overall research program, we had intended to secretly tape-record the deliberations of trial juries in actual cases throughout the country, about ten juries in every state.

Did you actually do any tape recording?

Yes. With the permission of the presiding judge and counsels for both sides, we taped the jury deliberations in a half-dozen cases in the Federal District Court in Wichita, Kansas.

Why did you feel you had to have live juries taped? Weren't your mock trial juries sufficient for study purposes?

No, we wanted to check out our findings. To see if this is how average jurors really deliberated in the actual trials.

What happened as a result of your recordings?

There was Hell to pay, sir.

Order . . . order in the court! Order!

What do you mean?

There was a public outcry. Many of the newspapers came out against the bugging as detrimental

to the Jury System. They said that if jurors knew that one jury had been bugged, no jurors would ever feel their deliberations were secret, if the buggings were allowed to continue.

Is it true that your Wichita "bugging" resulted in an actual Congressional hearing?

Yes, it did. We appeared before Senator James Eastland's Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and explained the whole thing.

After you explained it — the purpose of your recordings — what was the reaction of the Subcommittee?

They still thought it was wrong, on the grounds of violating the secrecy of the jury. They said it was "almost unbelievable."

Professor Kalven, are you familiar with the then Attorney General Brownell's reaction to the bugging incident?

Yes. He said the Justice Department was unequivocally opposed to any recording or eavesdropping on the deliberations of the jury under any circumstances, regardless of purpose.

Was there ever any intention to make these recordings public, Professor?

No. As a matter of fact, we edited the tapes to delete names of jurors and any references which might identify the case being tried.

How did your bugging become public?

Some tapes were played back before a conference of jurists in Denver in the summer of '55. Word got out from there, I believe.

In your research, Professor Kalven, would you say that your intention was to provide data that would encourage abolishing the Jury System altogether?

No, definitely not. We were looking for ways of making the system more effective.

Well then, Professor, wouldn't you, as a result of your experience with the jury recordings, say that you were having the same problem that a doctor would have if a very dangerously sick person refused to allow himself to be examined? Wouldn't you say such an attitude would be fatal?

Your Honor! I object!

I withdraw the question. Your witness.

No questions, your Honor.

Has the Prosecution completed its opening presentation?

No, your Honor. If it please the Court and ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I would like at this time to read into the record a portion of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee Hearing referred to by the People's last witness. I have here a copy of the Hearing's proceedings, dated October 12 and 13, 1955. I ask that the transcript be marked People's Exhibit 2 for identification, which I shall offer as People's Exhibit 2.

It may be so marked and received.

Your Honor, the Defense requests permission to examine the People's Exhibit 2.

You may examine, Counselor.

Thank you, your Honor. . . . Your Honor, the Defense must object.

On what grounds?

This is a somewhat lengthy document which does nothing more than report on an issue which is not directly bearing on the case before the Court. Counsel for the Prosecution is obviously trying to delay the trial and inconvenience the members of the jury, thereby prejudicing them against the Jury System itself.

Your Honor, the preceding witness, Professor Kalven, has studied the Jury System for a great length of time. In his testimony before the Senate Subcommittee he offered a summation of the points against the current System, which is on trial here. It is that portion which I ask the Court's permission to read into the record. It is most relevant, I assure the Court.

Objection overruled. Proceed, Mr. Prosecutor.

Thank you, your Honor. There are a vast number of traditional arguments offered by advocates of our Jury System, many of which Counsel for the Defense will no doubt present to the Court. But I doubt whether any can bear more weight than these, which Professor Kalven has compiled. I will cite some of the more powerful.

I quote: The only reason we have the jury today is that we have always had it and because the right to trial by jury has been Constitutionally enshrined and it is tough to get the Constitution amended. The jury must be judged on its merits today, not on its merits sev-

*Jurors are poor factfinders and
policy deciders as compared with judges*

eral hundred years ago. More efficiency is the demand of each succeeding generation and this has usually been accomplished through specialization.

I might point out here that the "specialization" the Prosecution proposes is through trial by judges or expert, professional jurors.

Again I quote: The need for the jury as a political weapon against a tyrannical Government has been steadily diminishing for a hundred years, until now the jury must find some other justification for its continuance. The Government itself is under absolute control of the people. The judges, if appointed, are selected by the agents of the people, and if elected, by the people directly.

Next: Jurors are poor factfinders and policy deciders as compared with judges.

And here, mark you, the evidence is overwhelming.

Note: In juries, no one person feels the responsibility for a decision, whereas a single judge would. . . . So many intelligent persons can be readily excused from jury duty that only the bottom of the barrel are corralled into the jury stall. . . . Judges, constantly in the public eye, are more likely to be careful in their decisions, whereas jurors have nothing to lose. Besides, jurors are not specialists in weighing evidence. . . .

Jurors are unable to fully understand the Court's instructions, the

feats of memory required of them are prodigious, they are not allowed to take notes. . . . Testimony which is stricken from the Court records cannot be stricken from the juror's mind; lawyers know this and take advantage; they would never succeed if only a judge were hearing the case; same is true regarding the lawyers' attempts to appeal to the emotions and prejudices of the jurors. . . .

Jurors cannot think in the emotional, charged and formal atmosphere of the court, to which they are not accustomed; they cannot reflect in private. . . . The judge has broader experience in that he has both out-of-court and in-court experience. . . . A judge is taken from ordinary law practice where he acquires a larger experience with everyday facts than does the layman. . . .

Jurors are not trained to sift the facts and the law from bias and prejudice; judges are. . . . In damage cases, judges are better qualified to afix financial awards than over-generous jurors who might put themselves in the place of the injured litigant. . . . Jurors' out-of-court experiences and idiosyncrasies could affect the jury's verdict.

Next: Jury trials are slower than judge trials. Today a case must wait two, three, even four years before it can be reached.

I might point out here that the Judicial Conference of the United

States, an organization of judges and lawyers, maintains that no more than six months should elapse between the filing of a law case and its trial. In one recent year only seven Federal districts in the entire United States, out of 89 Federal district courts, met that goal.

The reason for the speed in our judge trials, where the litigants have waived the jury, is that there is not the same insistence upon points of evidence, nor the same dwelling upon logically unimportant matters brought up only to arouse the sympathy or prejudice of the jurors.

There is more likely to be an error in a judicial ruling during a jury trial than a judge trial because the judge is pressed to make an on-the-spot decision. In a bench trial, the judge has time to consider the admissibility of certain evidence and to weigh the tough, intricate points of law involved. The chance for error is one of the reasons defendants in negligence cases ask for jury trial. There is so much more chance of reversible error being committed, and "justice denied" becomes a strong weapon for the defendant.

The jury trial is too expensive to the public, the litigants, the witnesses and the jurors themselves.

The widely-publicized jury trial fiascos — such as the Finch trial — destroy the public's confidence in the proper administration of justice.

The jury members are more easily corrupted through bribery

than a judge who has too much to lose to risk taking the chance. If not by money, the jurors are bribed in an indirect sense, out of fear of what their friends might think of them if an unpopular verdict is returned. And how can a juror be expected to be open-minded in a trial after the verdict has been practically dictated to him by the newspapers?

Finally: Juries make possible mob law in the courts, to the prejudice of either the state or the accused.

And ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I won't beleaguer you with chapter and verse on the recent civil rights debate to prove the timeliness of that argument. With just cause did the proponents of the civil rights measure insist that violators of Negro voting rights in the South be tried without a "jury of their peers."

These weighty arguments and testimonies are a fraction of that which could be offered to the Court to successfully challenge our Jury System. The People rest, however, since we can already hear that dangerous, medieval System pleading for mercy. Thank you.

Counsel for the Defense, are you ready with your presentation?

Your Honor, in order to examine the People's Exhibit 2 more closely and in view of the length of the Prosecution's presentation, the Counsel for the Accused requests a recess until next month.

Request granted. Sheriff?

Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye. This honorable Court is recessed until the August issue.



*You sometimes take a look
at the other fellow
whose religion, if he has one,
is a snap, and
you ask yourself the question . . .*

are catholics being gypped?

by JOSEPH E. MANTON, C.S.S.R.

HAVE YOU EVER wished on some snowy, blowy, slippery Sunday morning to be a foot-loose Mohammedan? Or to be a kind of not-too-fervent non-church-goer with an unperturbed head deep in the undisturbed comfort of a snug and cozy pillow?

How is it the Catholic path to the Pearly Gates is littered with obligations, sacrifices, discomforts

and hardships? Doesn't it pain you when you think of all the nice, respectable people in the world padding about complacently in the soft slippers of much more comfortable religions? Doesn't it make you wonder: Are Catholics being gyped?

After all, the Catholic Church doesn't say Catholics will constitute the whole population of heaven. Aren't the others the lucky ones—the people who ride through life in Pullman comfort and yet hold tickets not stamped "Hell"? Isn't a Catholic getting a raw deal, then, when you think of those gaunt Lenten luncheons, those insipid Fridays, when your neighbor devotes himself to a succulent black-and-scarlet steak, and you gingerly taste a fish that may be so dry it tastes like a fried sneaker?

Not to speak of birth control. But why not speak of birth control? That's where a lot of Catholics feel they're being gyped.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, birth control has nothing to do with the Catholic religion. Sure the Catholic Church is against it. She is also against arson, perjury, and reading other people's mail. But these things are not wrong because the Church forbids them. She forbids them because they are wrong, wrong in themselves.

The Catholic Church is not even two thousand years old, but birth control was wrong from the moment God made man and woman the way they are. The Catholic Church is like the traffic policeman. She didn't put up the flashing red blinker at the bad corner; she

merely insists that we observe it.

But in the public mind Catholics are the chief victims. That is, they feel more than anyone else the restrictions against birth control. It is true that a Catholic husband and wife are not obliged to fill the ranks of the infantry with as many babies as are biologically possible. In some thorny circumstances they may invoke rhythm.

To which certain scoffers jeer, "Ha! What's the difference? In both cases—rhythm and contraception—the result is an empty cradle, a fuller pocketbook, more leisure, and less trouble all around."

But because the result is the same, does that make the cause the same? Jones and Smith each holds in his hand a hundred dollars. But Jones got his for a week's work, and Smith for a minute's pick-pocketing. In certain circumstances married people do not have the obligation to beget children; but all husbands and wives do have the obligation never to do anything that vitiates or impedes the marriage act.

But even legitimate rhythm is a far cry from free-wheeling birth control. Love and marriage may go together like a horse and carriage, but often love and the calendar do not. So the Catholic couple, rejecting birth control, is forced to turn to self-control.

This is perhaps the hardest hardship the married Catholic faces. If there is one point where he is tempted to turn off the alarm of his conscience and plunge ahead with blind passion (yet not so blind he does not take preventive measures) it is here. If there is

*If one religion were as good as another,
only a psycho would prefer the burlap to the velvet*

one area on the broad battlefield of morality where the Church feels she is waging a lonely battle it is this.

At the time of our nation's birth, every church in America was against birth control. The birth control laws in Massachusetts were put on the books there by a preponderant Protestantism. The Catholic Church still happens to believe that the Natural Law could not be one thing when Washington was President and another when Eisenhower — or whoever.

Humanly speaking, she might wish it were otherwise.

CATHOLICS CONSTITUTE only a frail fraction of the country's college graduates. And it looks as though this piddling percentage will never change. True, some Catholic boys will plunge through college as pile-driving fullbacks. Some will keep their noses to the grindstone of a scholastic scholarship. Some will get in by working their way through — if the family can spare them.

But mainly the gate of any college opens to the one golden key: money. Thus, the family with two children has a far better chance of claiming some sheepskins than the family with five or six little lambs. Anybody's Economic Law says that where there are more diapers there usually are less degrees.

Does it not look, therefore, as though the Catholic Church is condemning herself to intellectual

mediocrity? Is she not giving up her share of higher education and leadership in the nation's life because she cannot compromise her position on custom-made families and contraception unlimited?

IF ANYONE WANTS to argue that in comparison with his average non-Catholic neighbor a Catholic takes a rooking, meaning his religion is rougher and tougher, there is no inclination in this corner to dispute it. Even a twentieth century pagan, hemmed in by convention, has it harder than his Roman predecessor with vine-leaves in his hair and an endless open season in all the groves of sin with no burden of respectability to cramp his style.

However, the question must always be not which is the easiest religion, but which is the right one, the true one? If one religion were as good as another, only a psycho would prefer the burlap to the velvet.

It is curious, though, how the better things have their restrictions *because* they are the better things. In the jungle you see no KEEP OFF THE GRASS sign — because it *is* the jungle. No CURT NO SMOKING placard frowns an uncivilized native's cigarettes back into his pocket because in the jungle he would have no package of cigarettes to begin with, and even if he did, he'd have no pocket to shove them back into.

In terms of discomfort, inconvenience and restriction, parking

meters are gyps, alarm clocks are gyps, dentists and supervisors and customs inspectors are gyps. But aren't these the price you pay for something which is better than the uninhibited and uninhabited jungle?

In much the same way the Catholic Faith has its restrictions and restraints, its confining laws and its curtailing discipline.

It's hard to expose the ulcer of a sinful conscience in confession, but it's better to have taken off the soiled bandage and walk out of the confessional cured and clean. We tell our sins in confession and get absolution because we believe that is what Christ commanded, but there goes with this a vast sigh of relief to be rid of guilt. The non-Catholic confesses to God, in secret and with no embarrassment. Is the difference between ours and theirs something like an electric razor and a lather shave, the latter perhaps more trouble, but a closer and a better job, and a cleaner and more refreshed feeling when it is done?

Similarly with divorce. There are those who can whistle gaily "Don't Fence Me In" and move on from one marriage to another, or hum "The Trolley Song" and blithely transfer from one partner to another and even another, and never ride to the end of any one line. Not Catholics, though. Their marriage has only one exit — Death.

And because a man knows this, he learns to adjust himself. Things may be black inside his home and temptations may rise in technicolor vividness outside, but he is vowed for life and he is a man of his

word. He knows he cannot check his conscience like an overnight bag in a terminal locker and return from a sordid affair unscarred. He knows that a broken home is treason for the grown-ups, and tragedy for the children, and trouble for society. No feeling man can deny that the Catholic position on divorce is harder on the married pair; but no thinking man can deny it is better for everybody concerned in the final tally.

BUT HOW ABOUT the ordinary good non-Catholics who go their merry way with no thought of these Catholic detours and stop signs? How about the routine, middling Christian who is married to a Catholic wife and whose teen-age daughter goes to a Catholic academy?

There's the inevitable scene when Beatrice Bobby Sox comes bursting into the living room, kisses her surprised sire fervently on the forehead, and sweetly bubbles: "Daddy, you know how I always used to worry about you being a Presbyterian? Well, today I found out that you will be saved through invincible ignorance. Isn't that wonderful?"

This is always good for a laugh, if the ingenue is ingenuous enough, and if the father is incredulous enough to blurt, "Well, I'll be damned!"

"But Daddy, that's the whole point. You won't. You can't be. Sister Benedrina says you are invincibly ignorant."

Well, let's clear up this business about invincible ignorance. Insulting phrase, isn't it? Actually it does not slap on a man's brain the

Conscience is not necessarily Truth.

Conscience can cut some fairly nightmarish patterns

gag "moron." It means merely that man sincerely cannot see that the Catholic Church is the one true Church, or (which is far more frequently the case) that he never felt the need to investigate the Catholic Church. In neither instance is he slamming the door on a clear duty, so he does not stand in the prisoner's dock as one guilty of rejecting the True Church. He is just following his conscience, and that is all God expects of any man.

But conscience is not necessarily Truth. Conscience can cut some fairly nightmarish patterns. For example, it is possible that a man could believe he had a serious duty to murder the Pope. If he did not do the deed, and died unrepentant, he could be condemned to hell. In theory this is an unassailable, armor-plated piece of logic. In practice, of course, the brain within which boils such a fantastic compulsion would be a witch's kettle of madness. But such persons do exist and they reveal the deep and dizzy canyon that can gape between a man's personal conscience and the outside objective truth.

People can carpenter their consciences so that they are neatly out of the way, like a set of recessed shelves. After a while they get used to evil, like a tramp gets used to dirt. But then they are guilty of the fact that they no longer feel guilty. How curiously we can deceive ourselves. Like the man who wrote anonymously to his former firm, "I am sending back 25 per

cent of the money I embezzled from you. If I still cannot sleep, I shall send back the rest."

The point is that in many areas of morality a non-Catholic conscience would point just as unpromisingly down the one-way street of right as any Catholic conscience. But because he is not checked up in the confessional, the non-Catholic might more easily leave his conscience in neutral.

INCIDENTALLY, if the non-Catholic drives along a highway unharassed by the Church's signs and rules, by the same token does he not lead a life unenriched by the Church's sacraments, without the filling stations and the emergency trucks along the route? If (to change the scene) he is freer to sail where he will, is he not in more danger of grinding to destruction on the rocks? All the safeguards of Catholic life, from confession to Easter duty—are they not like lights and buoys in the channel which admittedly confine, but also protect?

If it is hard enough for a Catholic, with all the power of the Mass, all the graces of the sacraments, all the spiritual vigor that flows from the Vine into the branches, to save his soul and get to heaven, will it not be even harder for a non-Catholic? If anyone is being gypped, then, is it really the Catholic?

BESIDES THE question of grace or help, there is the question of merit

or reward. In non-theological terms wouldn't you rather sit in the box-seats of heaven than in the bleachers? This may seem an arrogant presumption, but does it not stand to reason that a Catholic who really lives as a Catholic is gradually amassing a little Fort Knox of merit?

Think of all those indulgences gained and missions made and Communion received and rosaries said and fast days observed and Masses attended — right up to the sealing of the senses with the holy oils of the Last Rites, which many theologians maintain is the grooming of the soul for immediate entrance into heaven, thus bypassing purgatory.

The Catholic who consciously and deliberately envies the more liberal regime of his non-Catholic neighbor is a Catholic only in name. In reality he is slouching along behind the drooping banner of doubt. He has no deep core of spiritual conviction. He is like one of those dummy packages in a department store window all wrapped and ribboned but utterly empty. He is going through the outward motions without the inner fire of Faith. In his soul trembles only a restless fear. As the French court whispered about Louis XIII, "No man loves God less or fears the devil more."

If we think that the laws of the Church are barbed wire fences shutting us out from precious freedom, dark shadows on what should be golden days, huge illuminated DON'T signs blocking every way we want to turn, then it may help to remember that Christ did not

come to found a plushy religion. He never said, "Let yourself go!" He did say, "Take up your cross and follow Me."

Just why a Catholic has to endure more restraints than others may be just another segment of that mysterious problem of pain, to which there is, this side of heaven, no adequate answer.

DO YOU REMEMBER Our Lord's parable of the hirer who gave the same salary to those who had borne the heat and burden of the day, and also to those who worked only an hour? He treated the first group justly, the second group generously. Must we be envious when there is no injustice done us, but only an unlooked-for generosity shown to others? God does not have to be generous. He does have to be just. So it is a good deal safer to bear the heat and burden of the day.

Sure it would be nice to have the best of both worlds, but it's taking a chance. Normally it should be harder to save one's soul outside the True Church which Christ founded to help men save their souls.

And do you know something else? The really happy people in this world are those who live up to their Catholic Faith. No promiscuous movie starlet laughs half so merrily as a Carmelite nun. No playboy roué is half so contented as a clear-eyed seminarian.

THE OLD YARN is still true about the young Catholic couple with their little brood and their not so little bills. They saw the long shimmering Cadillac pause for di-

rections and then purr away. And the husband said, "Never mind, honey, some day we'll be rich."

And the wife answered quickly, "We *are* rich, dear. Someday we'll have money." They had everything that money can't buy. And they didn't feel gypped at all.

IN A WAY IT reminds me of the English college girl who was about to graduate and wrote to her girlfriend at Two-Bucks-on-the-Nose, Surrey, this alarming revelation: "Isn't it ghastly? I find I've got a vocation!" There you have a wonderful club-sandwich of faith — humor and intelligence. She will go off to the convent, of course, but not without a natural reluctance. She must give up the high-piled magic mountain of all the world's good things, from firesides to travel-folders. She wishes she could have them all, the nice things of life and the surety and serenity of the convent too; but since she cannot, well, with a shrug and a smile,

she goes off to dedicate herself to God.

Couldn't she save her soul outside the convent? Who knows? She knows only that God has called her to a higher life. And, in another scale farther down the piano, isn't this the same run of notes in the attitude of the Catholic who catches himself wishing he were other than a Catholic? Could he save his soul if he were not a Catholic? All he knows for certain is that God has made him a member of the True Church where the road may be steeper, but is also surer.

Not that this nice philosophical distinction keeps him from sometimes stealing a wistful glance at the much greener grass in the other fellow's yard.

But maybe the real solution is in realizing that the whole situation is like changing to Daylight Saving Time. We Catholics lose at this end, but we gain at the other, only it won't be mere time—but Eternity. ■ ■

■ THE MAN: "I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully, a pound of Aunt Annie's sugar candy, Bitsey-Bite size."

The Clerk: "Sorry, No Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Toasties, Maltie-Wheaties, or Eatum Wheatums?"

The Man: "The Wheatums, then."

The Clerk: "Anything else? Tootsies, Tatery Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingile Bits. Itsey Cakes, Sweetzie Toofums, or Drama's Doughnies?"

The Man (toddling toward the meat department): "Dot to det some meat."

—Inside Information—

As predicted here several months ago, the U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to lend its hand to straightening out the country's legal tangle of conflicting decisions on laws regulating Sunday business.

The high court says it will study the constitutionality of Massachusetts, Maryland and Pennsylvania laws. But hearings won't begin until after next October, so it probably will be almost a year before its ruling--and it will be important--will be handed down.

Plans may be announced soon for revising or adding to the Baltimore catechism, for 75 years the backbone of most U.S. Catholic religious instruction programs and the basis of most religious textbooks.

The catechism is falling behind the times. Or, to put it another way, the Holy See is setting a rapid pace in issuing new regulations and instructions. During his reign as pope, Pius XII gave so many scholarly talks touching on doctrine that his impact on the Church must be reflected in the catechism.

Revised in 1949, the Baltimore catechism does not include the Holy See's instruction on lay participation in the Mass. Nor does it include Pius XII's encyclical on the Mystical Body of Christ, a topic covered in a scant five lines in the current catechism.

It is no secret that other catechisms, especially those from Germany, are more up-to-date.

Inside Information

They are giving the Baltimore catechism stiff competition in some places, another reason the new Baltimore catechism cannot be too far away.

Theologians may tangle on a point of interpretation at the National Liturgical Conference's meeting in Pittsburgh, August 22 to 25. The issue: whether the Sacred Congregation of the Council's transferral of the pre-Christmas fast from December 24 to 23 means that individual Catholics are free to decide which day they will observe or whether there is no doubt but that it must be observed on the 23rd. Scholars are on both sides of the fence.

Another question that may come up for debate is whether the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office's decree on distribution of Holy Communion after noon at sacred functions other than Mass means it is to be done only rarely or whether it may be done without restriction. Some Bishops have granted permission to distribute Holy Communion in the afternoon and evening at services such as recitation of the rosary and novenas.

Simplifying the process of obtaining permission to read books placed on the Index of Forbidden Books may be an item placed on the agenda of the Ecumenical Council. A petition to have the Holy See submit this consideration for the Council's deliberation has been discussed by the Society of Catholic College Teachers of Sacred Doctrine and by the graduate division of the College and University Department of the National Catholic Educational Association.

At present, scholars are often handicapped by the length of time it takes them to receive permission to read Indexed books. In some instances

it takes months. The local bishop, who now grants permission, frequently finds it difficult to gauge the spiritual maturity of the petitioners because he is not in direct contact with them. It is argued that confessors might be in a better position to make such prudent judgments.

It looks as though next year Maine will go all through it again. For four years sections of Maine's population have twisted and turned with the controversy over tax-paid bus rides for children in non-public schools. The battle appeared to be ended last January when the legislature defeated a bus ride bill by a narrow margin.

But now both of the state's political parties have taken stands to permit communities to provide the bus rides. Such rides are not authorized in present law, but the Maine Supreme Court has held they would conform to both the state and Federal constitutions if provided.

So it appears that in the 1961 session of the legislature the issue will come up again. And undoubtedly it will be a close vote once again. Last January the House beat it by seven votes of 145 cast and the Senate by three of 33.

The relatively new business of Catholic and non-Catholic U.S. scholars exchanging viewpoints, called "dialogue" by the participants, appears to have gotten one of its biggest boosts.

And the booster, surprisingly enough, is the staid American Catholic Philosophical Association whose 34th convention in St. Louis featured a session with spokesmen for an avowedly anti-Christian but influential system of thinking called "analytic philosophy." It is all the rage

at some secular colleges and universities.

"We wanted to see what is in it that attracts the attention of serious scholars," one spokesman for the Catholic association said. "They claim they have discarded the inaccurate language of Aristotle for more precise terms. We wanted to see," said a second.

So far there has been no stampede into either camp resulting from the dialogue.

Chaplains at Newman Foundations on secular campuses across the country are keeping an eye on a dispute at the University of Arizona. It may have importance as a precedent for them.

Efforts by the Arizona University president to run a \$500,000 Newman Foundation off land the university plans to use for expansion also have set off shock waves of protest in the state, with the governor and many religious groups opposing the scheme.

What happened is this: about ten years ago, the Diocese of Tucson put up an elaborate center to serve the 2,300 Catholic students at the state institution.

Now, the university is going to expand and the land on which it has its eye includes the site of the Newman Foundation. Rather than leave it alone, the president wants to shoo the Catholic center out to the outskirts of the expanded campus.

The center, and those joining its resistance, believe it can remain as an "island of religion."

Newman chaplains say if the battle is lost, no Newman Foundation will be assured of permanency and this could be disastrous, especially since it appears Newman centers are going to have to be bigger as years go by.



In December of last year, American-born Mother Elizabeth Seton was proclaimed "venerable," the first step toward canonization. Born the year preceding the outbreak of the American Revolution, she telescoped into her 46 years heroic virtue that may one day give the U. S. its first native-born saint.

mother seton

Belle of New York, mother of five children, convert to Catholicism, foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States—such is the material of potential sanctity.

Elizabeth Bayley, a debutante to New York society at 17, married the wealthy William Seton two years later. During their nearly ten years of marriage, five children were born to them. Business reversals hastened Seton's death in 1803, leaving his widow in poverty.

The granddaughter of an Episcopalian minister, Elizabeth Seton became acquainted with the Catholic Church through her husband's close friend, Antonio Filicchi.

On March 14, 1805, she was received into the Church and four years later founded the American Sisters of Charity.





at the foot of the
Blue Ridge mountains in the
valley of Emmitsburg, Maryland,
Father Seton established
his first young community of
Sisters in 1809.

*Their home consisted of
a kitchen and three other rooms.
Later additional rooms were
added, and recently the
building has been restored.*



*The farmhouse in the valley, which later became known
as the Stone House, was primitive even by 19th century standards.*

*During the first winter, snow would seep
through the roof into the upper room on the right where the Sisters slept.*

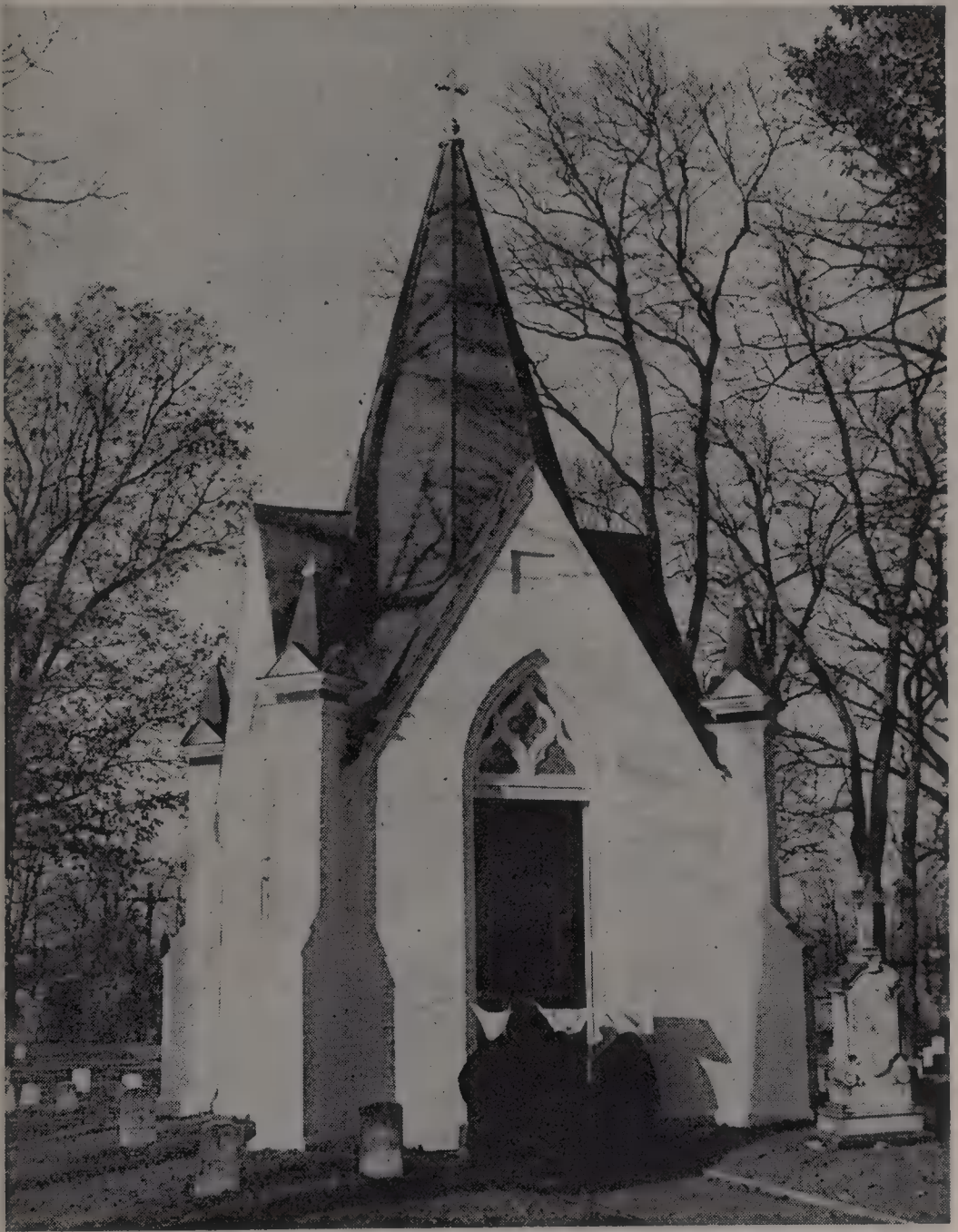




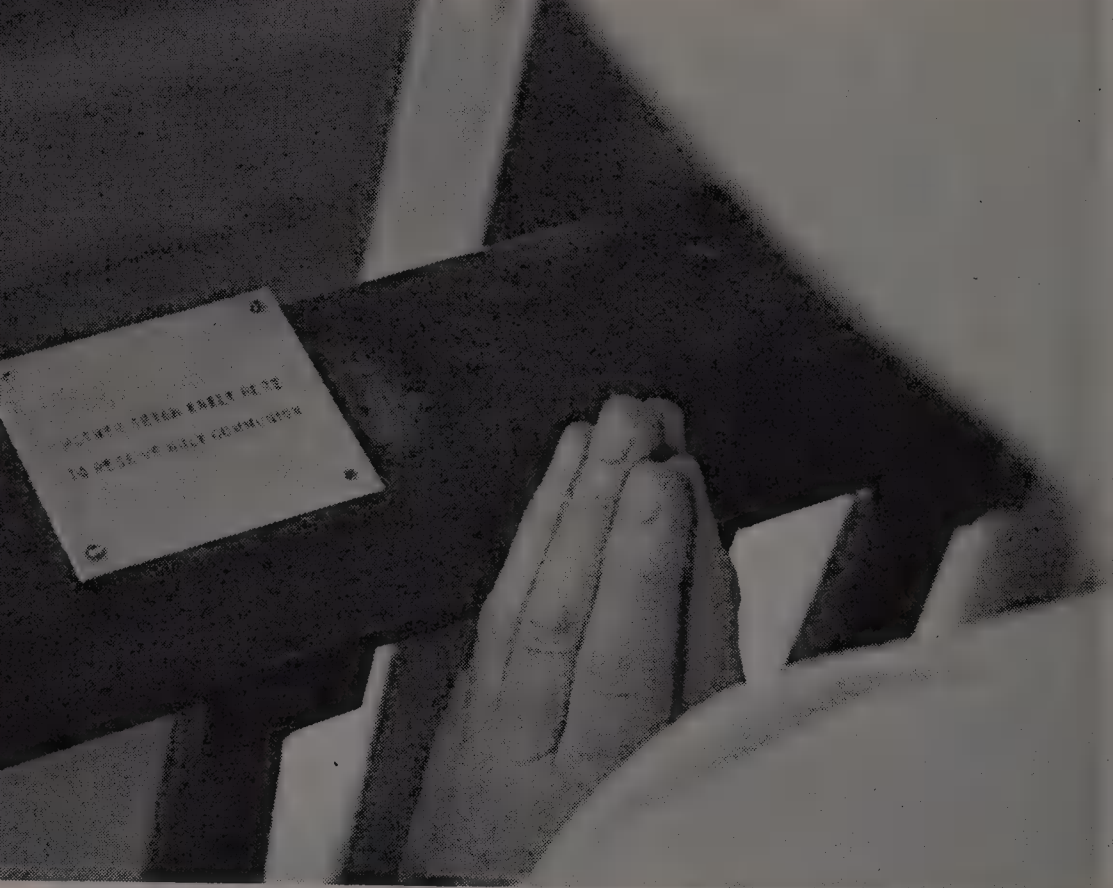
Practicing poverty was no problem for Mother Seton and her band of followers. Their food consisted mainly of carrot coffee, salt pork and buttermilk.

The restored sleeping quarters are of a later period than when Mother Seton and her companions arrived. Originally they slept on straw mats on the floor.

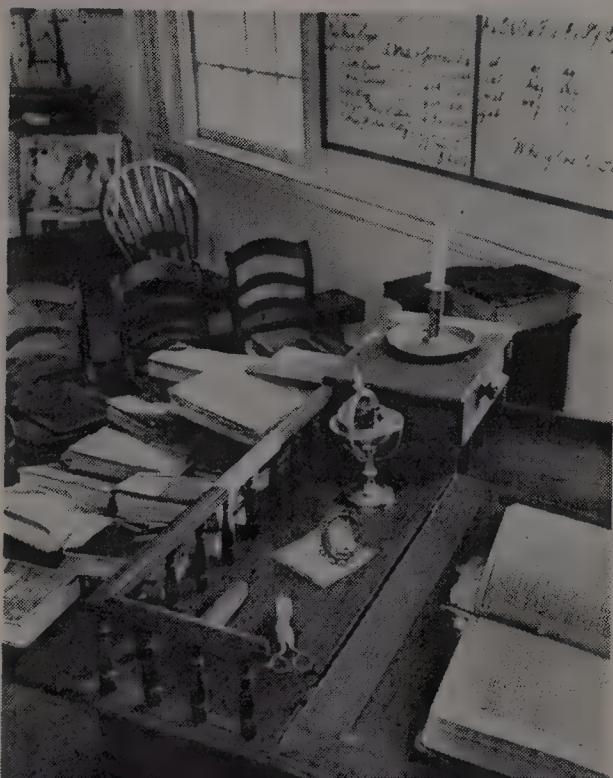




*Mother Seton is buried beneath the crypt chapel floor.
Also buried in the crypt is Mother Seton's
nephew, James Roosevelt Bayley, the eighth Archbishop of Baltimore.*



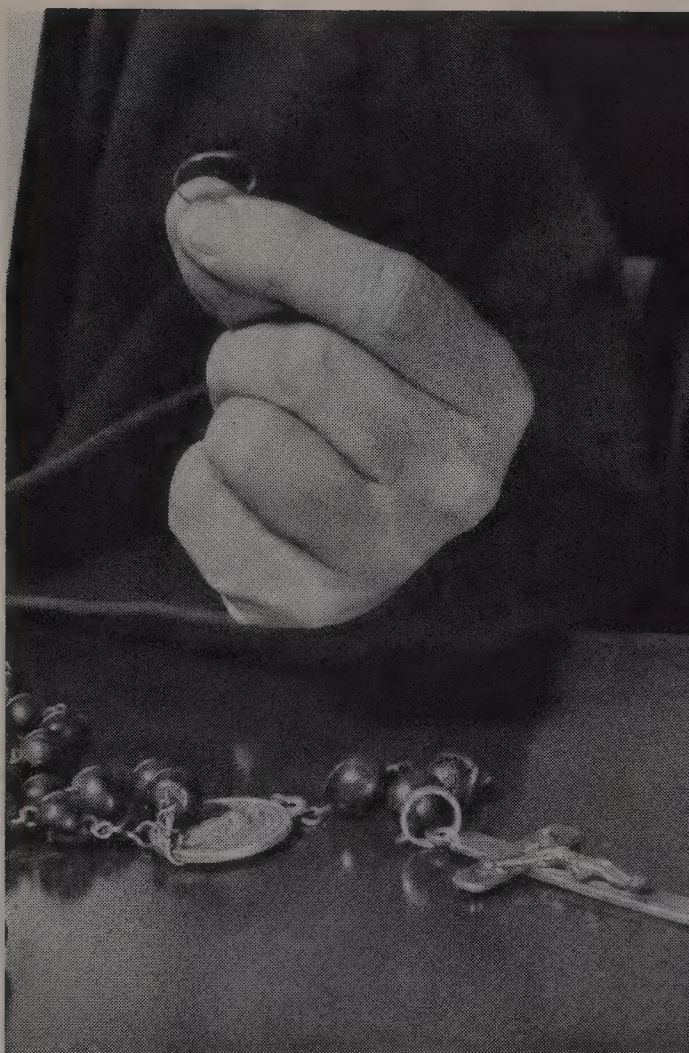
ACTING TEACHER EARLY HERE
TO RESEVE BILLY COMMUNION



A Sister of Charity kneels at Mother Seton's place at the communion rail, marked with a plaque.

A Catholic school for girls was practically unknown until Mother Seton opened one in 1809. This replica of her classroom in the Stone House contains several items she used, including her bible, scissors and inkpot.

The wedding band Elizabeth Bayley received at her marriage to William Seton she wore until her death in 1821. For 70 years more it was worn by her daughter Catherine, who became Mother Catherine of the Sisters of Mercy. She died at the age of 90.



Mother Seton's crested dancing slippers date back to the days when she was in the swirl of New York society.



The religious order that Mother Seton founded continued to prosper and spread following her death. The Sisters gained wide recognition as nurses caring for the wounded in the Civil War and overseas in World War I. Their charity took them among the lepers in Mississippi, and among the Negroes and Indians in the South and West.

Their works continue today in mental institutions, hospitals, homes for incurables and the aged, schools and colleges, orphanages and hostels for youth. America and the world is yet to hear greater things of Venerable Mother Seton.

Mother Seton knew well the sorrow of separation from loved ones. Her daughter Annina died at 17 and her youngest child, Rebecca, at 14. Both were novices in the Sisters of Charity.





THIS DEMORALIZING BUSINESS OF GAMBLING

by JOHN MARINO

IN ITS LONG and motley history, gambling has never flourished anywhere to the extent it does today in the U.S.A. It is this country's number one industry — bigger in business volume than the production of automobiles, steel or oil.

Last year Americans shelled out an estimated 30 billion dollars to bookies, tellers, croupiers and just plain friends at the poker table. They wagered on every conceivable type of sporting event and game of chance from horse racing and dog

Gambling is now this country's biggest industry.

How much do you contribute to its coffers?

racing to dice games, slot machines, wheels, bridge, roulette, bingo and lotteries of assorted description.

How much cash really changed hands can only be estimated because government authorities tally only the legal transactions. Experts figure that for every dollar gambled legally, three dollars go into illegal betting.

Nor is gambling the pastime of a small segment of American citizens. According to a poll taken in 1951, 57 per cent of the people who were questioned admitted to gambling in one form or another. In 1945, the figure was 45 per cent.

Round and round the wheel of fortune spins, and where it will stop nobody knows. Few will agree it ever will stop, but many responsible citizens are convinced it better slow down or the payoff will leave widespread corruption and a demoralized nation in its wake.

THE EXTENT OF gambling throughout the United States raises serious questions that need clear answers.

Apart from abuses, is gambling an evil practice?

Is it simply an innocent sport or a vicious social disease?

Is government too eager to encourage gambling simply for the tax revenue it produces?

Is the gambler's fast buck philosophy undermining the old American ethic of an honest day's work for an honest dollar?

Are the criminal elements which

head the gambling syndicates menacing society, extending their influence among public officials, and helping to make disrespect for law a common occurrence?

Have Church authorities been too lenient in permitting bingo and lotteries in states where they are ruled illegal?

Is American indifference to the problem of gambling breeding a generation of compulsive gamblers?

Answers to these questions will help determine how menacing or how harmless is this monster of gambling.

TO PUT THE record straight at the outset, there is nothing evil or sinful in gambling. Provided the one who bets has a fair chance of winning and he is neither depriving his family of necessities nor the bill collector of just payment, gambling is as legitimate as fishing or watching a ball game.

Who hasn't sparked a slow golf game with a little side bet or made a dull bridge session take on life by wagering a few cents on each hundred points scored? Most people want to be counted in when the World Series pool is circulated at the office or factory. They're not at all averse to taking a chance on a new Ford if the quarter or dollar they fork over will aid some orphanage, parochial school or boys' club.

Gambling of this nature isn't likely to deprive any infant of his



FOR MILLIONS OF AMERICANS, A DAY AT THE RACES MEANS LINING UP AT TICKET WINDOWS TO BET ON THE HORSES TO WIN, PLACE OR SHOW.

bottle of milk. But when the stakes overreach sensible limits and when gambling grows into a multibillion dollar enterprise, then it's no longer an innocent sport. It becomes a nation-wide social disease.

That's how gambling shapes up now in the United States — a social disease. And the facts prove it.

LAST YEAR AN estimated 15 million Americans played the "numbers" game daily, although it is legal nowhere in the United States. Numbers is basically a lottery. A person chooses some number between one and 1,000 and then bets on it. The winning number usually is determined by the results of the races at a popular pari-mutual track.

The numbers payoff is 600 to one although the odds on winning are 1,000 to one. Numbers bookies, the professionals who collect the

bets, quickly get rich off their victims, who are most frequently workingmen from the lower classes. Seldom can the numbers operators do business for long unless the police give their tacit approval.

A recent *Business Week* survey disclosed that one out of every 250 industrial employees is a bookmaker for one type of gambling or another. So the tentacles of big-time gambling reach deep into the overalls pockets of the blue collar worker.

Nor is gambling the avocation of the factory worker alone. The white collar gentry and the mink stole ladies don't frequent the race tracks simply to admire the thoroughbreds pacing down the stretch.

Last year, 35 million Americans from all walks of life crowded through turnstiles to pump three billion dollars into pari-mutual

betting at 83 "flat" tracks. (In flat track betting, the jockey rides the horse whereas in harness racing the driver rides behind the horse in a two-wheel sulky.)

Harness racing, legalized in 15 states, is beginning to rival flat track racing in popularity. In New York state last year, where it has become an evening pastime, harness events drew seven million people compared to five million at the flat tracks. The 12 million New Yorkers wagered 881 million dollars, ten per cent of which went to the state in taxes.

But the tax collectors got nowhere near a ten per cent bite on all the money exchanged on those races. New York racing authorities figure that five to 15 dollars are wagered illegally with bookies at off-track gambling spots for every dollar bet at the track. In Puerto Rico, where off-track betting is legalized, the ratio is nine to one.

Horse racing is big business, then, but it is by no means the sole outlet for the gambling habits of America's millions. Another is the slot machine.

LONG IN THE gambling dog house, slot machines have made a recent comeback. The new casinos at Colonial Beach, Virginia, for example, owe their booming popularity to slot machines. Significantly, the casinos are built on piers over the Potomac river, legally a part of the state of Maryland. Slot machines are legal in Maryland but are banned from Virginia.

Feeding coins into a slot machine is hardly the formula for getting rich. A mechanism inside

the machines cruelly regulates the number of times the spinning disks halt at three lemons or three oranges. Some machines are fixed to produce as low as a 10 or 15 per cent return. Yet millions of dollars are poured annually into the mechanical monsters.

Bets placed with bookmakers on the outcome of professional boxing, golfing matches, and football and basketball games add up to another three or four billion dollars each year.

Innocent sport? Harmless recreation? Hardly. Gambling in America has reached a point where it has become a demoralizing disease.

BUT INSTEAD OF originating ways to rein in the wild beast, state and local governments are considering further legalizations so that they can siphon off a neat tax bundle.

In Nevada you have an example of what legalized gambling can do for a state treasury. To the little oasis of Las Vegas (population 55,000) went 12 million free-spending tourists last year. The lure? Dice tables, roulette wheels and endless rows of slot machines.

Seeing Nevada leave the ranks of underdeveloped states on the shoulders of one-armed bandits, hard-pressed Alaska is sorely tempted to open things up and go after the big gambling money. So far she has resisted.

Even well-heeled New York City, financial capital of the world, proposed to legalize off-track betting. By licensing bookies, the city could tap this subterranean and presently illegal well of cash. Dizzying estimates of the tax revenue have been

made. One expert figures New York could pocket one billion dollars a year from the scheme.

District Attorney Frank O'Connor of Queens is pressing hard for legalization of off-track betting. "The whole off-track betting situation today is a farce," he said. "Gambling is just like prohibition. There is no law that will operate unless it is backed up by public opinion, and public opinion sees nothing wrong in betting."

Opponents of the measure think that legalized off-track betting would produce much less revenue than the enthusiastic forecasters predict. They reason that for every dollar wagered, the track skims off 15 cents for taxes, operating costs and profits. This cut is what insures eventual poverty for the steady gambler. He would much rather bet against another gambler without the tax gouge. And he would probably continue to do so despite the legalization of off-track betting.

Gambling at and off the race track is not the only potential tax source for governments, however. Pressure for state and national lotteries continues. Last year the Massachusetts legislature killed a lottery measure which had been approved by voters in those districts where it appeared on the ballot. Heavy pressure from religious groups brought about the reversal.

THE FALSE PHILOSOPHY behind the legalized gambling pitch is that wealth can be produced by scanning a scratch sheet rather than in creating new wealth by hard work, the traditional American way. It

would be much more profitable and healthy for any state to concentrate on developing new industry and resources which would provide jobs and tax dollars rather than settling for more bookies, licensed or not.

Cardinal Cushing of Boston, speaking out last year against the proposed legalized lottery for Massachusetts, points up several evils that accompany gambling when it is allowed to overstep reasonable limitations. He said:

"I am fully aware of the critical fiscal situation which motivates this proposal. . . . It is my honest conviction, however, that the lottery as a form of large scale gambling is economically unsound, socially disintegrating and morally dangerous. It is economically unsound because it does not create new sources of revenue, but rather draws from those that already exist in ways which tend to disturb the normal and healthy process by which economic prosperity is promoted.

"It is socially disintegrating because it tends to encourage the desire to get something for nothing and thus to impede the honest efforts by which individual men become members of society.

"It is morally dangerous because it creates serious temptations to theft in those who handle money which does not belong to them, and because it stands in the way of prompt and systematic payment of debts and other obligations of justice. . . .

"I do not wish to be misunderstood," Cardinal Cushing concluded. "I am not organizing a

crusade against gambling; I am simply answering a question that has been put to me many times before and after the recent election. Do you or do you not favor a State lottery and the availability of more and more racing dates? My answer to both topics is unequivocally *No.*"

ONE OF THE most serious consequences of multibillion dollar gambling in the United States is the corruption of society and of public officeholders by hoodlums who gain control of gambling rackets.

In the early 1950's, the Kefauver committee exposed the shocking extent to which criminal elements controlled municipal and state governments. As a result of these investigations, the U. S. Treasury collected 336 million dollars in

taxes and penalties. The hoods have a way of rolling with the punches, so the limited efforts of government bodies thus far have done little to dent the enthusiasm of the big-time operators.

The underworld's top thugs at the 1957 Apalachin meeting are reported to have placed on their agenda for action a take-over in Nevada. Plans called for a carefully selected political stooge to be moved into the governor's chair.

The answer to elimination of criminal practices in gambling is, of course, honest government by officials who cannot be bought or intimidated. But good government is achieved only when an honest and alert electorate demand it of their publicly elected officers. As long as Americans remain indifferent to the gambling menace and actually approve it by their whole-

THE CHIPS ARE DOWN AND SO IS THE BANKROLL, USUALLY, BY THE END OF THE EVENING.



hearted participation, little change toward improvement can be expected.

IT IS IRONIC that gambling operations such as charity bingos often bear the brunt of clean-ups. Bingo, while not small, does not compare in size to many of the illicit rackets that infest the gambling market.

Women especially seem to have a passion for playing bingo, and they lay out a billion dollars a year to charitable and commercial bingo operators. Educated guesses place 1½ million gals at the bingo tables every evening.

Playing bingo is illegal in 41 states. New Jersey and New York are two states where it was legalized after state referendums. In its first five years of legitimate operation in New Jersey, bingo has grossed 82 million dollars. Last year bingo and lotteries netted New Jersey charitable institutions 25 million dollars, or four dollars for every resident in the state. Both New York and New Jersey laws limit prizes to \$250 a game and \$1,000 for an evening.

Because numerous Catholic parishes and organizations sponsor bingo to raise funds, this game has come to be associated in the public mind with Catholic activities. In states where laws classify bingo as illegal and the Church authorities do little or nothing to discontinue the games, the Church has borne heavy criticism.

Recently Cardinal Meyer ordered all church bingo games stopped in the Chicago archdiocese, saying:

"Because the game of bingo has

specifically been ruled illegal, we ask that this new ruling be complied with immediately and that the game not be used in connection with any fund raising activities."

The Cardinal noted that there is "an effort in Chicago to encourage good law enforcement and to strengthen those civic traditions of which all of us in Chicago can be proud.

"Lest this genuine interest be diverted from its important objectives into an unfruitful contest over the relatively peripheral and minor issue of bingo for charitable purposes, we prefer that the issue not be raised by us.

"Setting aside any discussion of what the civil law should be in its application, we wish to remove any burden of uncertainty from the shoulders of our civil officials in order that they may set themselves wholeheartedly to the real problems of law enforcement confronting them.

"Accordingly, I recommend that any Catholic parishes and organizations that have been offering bingo games discontinue from doing so."

GAMBLING HAS BEEN called a middle life avocation. Interestingly enough, 87 per cent of all gamblers range in age between 26 and 56. While most of them manage to keep their "gaming instinct" within certain bounds, many individuals have become confirmed compulsive gamblers. And their number is increasing.

A compulsive gambler was once described as the fellow who went to his bookie to explain why he

couldn't cover his last bet and told him, "My wife went and blew our last 50 dollars on milk and clothes for the kids."

Any priest or counsellor knows the sorrow and tragedy that result from the bookie getting the last 50 instead of the gambler's family. Psychiatrists, in attempting to evaluate this specialized neurosis, agree that every gambler is motivated by a desire of omnipotence. The gambler's secret hope of picking eight winners or breaking the bank is nothing but a childhood fantasy.

Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, an authoritative modern psychoanalyst said, "Gambling occupies a high place among the spontaneous devices which man uses unwittingly to protect himself against, or to deny, his anxiety about his own frailty."

IN ORDER to help neurotic gamblers whose behavior is compulsive, an organization known as Gamblers Anonymous was formed in Las Vegas last year. Branches have been organized in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

GA operates like Alcoholics Anonymous, which has proved so successful in rehabilitating those addicted to drink. But instead of steering members clear of bars and liquor stores, GA must keep its members from taking trips to hock shops and loan companies to provide the wherewithal for a fling at the casino.

"The trouble with gambling degenerates," a GA member in Las Vegas said, "is that they have grown older but not up. They still behave like children, refusing to accept responsibility, and we have to keep reminding them and ourselves of that fact. Like alcoholics, compulsive gamblers have to achieve an inner serenity and cease fighting what they cannot control."

In its first year, GA is an extremely small operation. No effort has been made to recruit members. There never have been more than 12 members active at any one time in the Las Vegas group. Backsliding is frequent. But at least GA is a sane approach toward self-understanding and cure for the man or woman ruined by an uncontrolled emotional drive.

GAMBLING HAS been in existence for a long time. The game of dice can be traced back to the 13th century B.C., and one wag insists the ivories were invented right after the wheel. A pretty safe bet to make is that gambling will be around to the end of time.

But like many good things in this life, gambling must be indulged in reasonably. Americans now are on a gambling fling that can be called innocent sport no longer. Theirs is a social disease. It's about time the doctor is summoned. ■ ■

■ DON'T GO AROUND saying the world owes you ■ living. The world owes you nothing: It was here first.

Entertainment

J. D. Nicola reports:

The OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY, the once-every-decade tourist "must," was roundly panned as a "stuffy, dated pageant by amateurs" in a recent front-page review by show business weekly, "Variety."

Headlined, "Oberammergau, Mein Aching Back: 8 Hard-Bench Hours of Dated Script," the review noted that the play "is suffering from snob appeal in the 1960 tourist trade, since tickets are scarcer and hotter than MY FAIR LADY. But with that, any resemblance to entertainment stops. This is a stuffy, dated pageant by amateurs, however talented. To sit on a hard, unpadded wooden bench for eight hours can be considered penance for one's sins, tonic for one's spirit but not, repeating, not entertainment."

Although the reviewer applauds the staging and direction, the complaint is made that "the entire text should be rewritten for modern audiences. There are many dramaturgic faults besides its tedious length. The Baroque style of heavy pompous writing constantly has the crowd on stage, as many as 1,000 people, shouting the same lines simultaneously, in a form of dialog that is theatrically unbelievable today. Present script does not show the growth of the personality and power of Jesus, also nearly ignoring His miracles. . . . Also, there isn't a smile in the entire eight hours."

The observation is also made that "while the play opens with Christ casting the money-changers out of the temple, His portrayers are unable to do the same with the folks in the village. . . . The whole event has become commercialized."

A Jesuit sociologist at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., thoroughly ripped into the award-laden BEN-HUR not too long after it was given a special recommendation by the Legion of Decency.

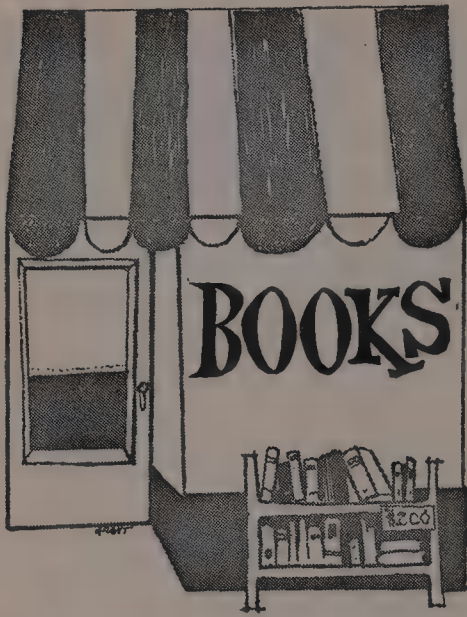
Father Joseph F. Cantillon, S.J., speaking at a Communion breakfast, said BEN-HUR was "without any semblance of true religious feeling or even common humanity." He went on to call it a fraud on a gullible America.

Whereas the Legioncy recommended the film to the entire family, Father Cantillon claimed the picture should have a harmful effect on school-age children. "They are forced to see senseless brutality; cruelty for the sake of cruelty. The mentally disturbing effect of this pornographic masochism and sadism is incalculable."

One member of the Legion's Board of Consultants, a Jesuit educator, voted to condemn the film, which indicates that although Father Cantillon is in the minority, he is not alone.

The overly defensive, letter-writing brand of Catholic televiewer was strongly criticized last month by the "Baltimore Catholic Review," diocesan weekly. A number of Catholics had written to the paper, protesting a TV series—PLAY OF THE WEEK—attempting to bring outstanding theater to the television screen.

Managing Editor Gerard E. Sherry wrote: "The Review has received a batch of letters and phone calls from viewers who have both praised and damned the series and we find that the indignant ones are the least mature. . . . Smut-conscious citizens are reading ribaldry into the classics, and some extremists will castigate a piece of literature or a play for not having a Catholic theme, or a Catholic moral.



Change does not frighten him, for he knows his Sicilian people, who through many changes have remained constant.

"Sleep . . . sleep, that is what Sicilians want, and they will always hate anyone who tries to waken them, even in order to bring them the most wonderful of gifts." The new attracts these people only if it has died. "That is what gives rise to the extraordinary phenomenon of the constant formation of myths which would be venerable if they were really ancient, but which are really nothing but sinister attempts to plunge us back into a past that attracts us only because it is dead."

The language in which this remarkable novel is couched needs no comment, for the above quotations testify to its intensity and roll. But the structure of the novel does need comment, for the usual narrative plot is totally missing. In its place we have a series of causally unconnected moments in the lives of the principal characters.

We are first introduced to the Prince himself. He is shown to us at prayer, visiting his mistress, talking to his confessor, visiting his king, and assisting his nephew who is about to join the revolutionists. The light continues to center on the Prince in chapter two, but the scene has changed to his summer home. At Donnafugata the new breed, the "nobility" of money, makes its appearance as a symbol of the new order. The Prince's daughter falls in love with her cousin but is apparently horrified by his barracks-room humor.

The Leopard, Giuseppe di Lampedusa, translated from the Italian by Archibald Colquhoun (Pantheon. \$4.50)

Don Fabrizio was a Sicilian prince in 1860 when Garibaldi invaded the island in the name of the future Kingdom of Italy. He had his worries. Some "crawled from crevices of the political situation; some had been flung on him by other people's passions; and some (these had the sharpest bite) had sprung up within himself, from his irrational reactions to politics and the whims of others ('whims' was his name, when irritated, for what in calm he called 'passions')."

Tied to the older regime not only by political position and stature, but more importantly by emotion and conviction, the Prince is at the same instance in sympathy with the insurgents and actively aids them through his nephew.

A later chapter concerns itself almost exclusively with the love affair of the nephew, Tancredi, and the daughter of the newly rich mayor. Still another chapter, almost a tangent, details the visit to his home town of the Prince's confessor, and how he settled a domestic problem. There is a scene at a ball.

A chapter is taken up by a description of the death of the Prince. And finally there is a moment in the later life of the last remaining members of the family, the two spinster daughters, who are deprived of a collection of spurious relics by the visit of their bishop.

About the whole book there is an air of death. Most often it is an essential part of the thoughts and actions of the characters, but it dominates the tone of the narration also. And here is perhaps the one major stylistic fault in the work. In his attempt to communicate a sense of decay, the author has fallen into an unjustified, undramatized foresight. Constantly a character or scene is described in such words as: "But soon he would be dead and forgotten." Since the event usually falls outside the time area of the novel, such unrealized comments become irritating.

This, however, is a minor distraction in a book that has immense human appeal, and profound social insight.

Wrap-up: A political novel with depth and heart.

Inside the Vatican, Corrado Palenberg (Hawthorn. \$4.95)

Inside the Vatican is an absorb-

ing but disturbing book. It is absorbing in its array of factual information about the Vatican, its personalities and its administration of the universal Church. It is disturbing not because it is overtly anti-Catholic. It is not. Rather it disturbs because of the extremely secular eyes through which it views the Church and her mission.

Written by a non-Catholic, the book stresses the human and visible side of the Church. The Church as a spiritual entity with a mission to save souls is almost entirely neglected.

The author is a professional journalist, presently the Rome correspondent for the *London Evening News*. He has a journalist's eye for interesting facts and a smooth manner of presentation.

There are thorough profiles of Pope Pius XII and Pope John XXIII. The author also conjectures about the voting at the recent conclave. How accurate his guesses are only the participants, sworn to secrecy, could say. But he sees the present Holy Father chosen because he was the Italian Cardinal most acceptable to the more liberal elements in the College of Cardinals.

The recent history of the Holy See and its struggle with the forces of Communism are recorded. The author also outlines the various administrative branches of the Holy See and their operation.

While the author's facts may be correct, his interpretation sometimes goes awry. For instance, his statement that "the Vatican is one of the greatest financial powers in

the world today" is a gross exaggeration. And where is there a chapter in the book presenting the vast charitable, educational and missionary undertakings of the Church to correspond with the chapter on Vatican finances?

Likewise, the chapter on the Jesuits does more to perpetuate the false image of the cunning Jesuit than to portray accurately the magnificent contribution of the Jesuits to the Church, past and present.

To see the Church as a political power-structure and at the same time not to grasp fully its supernatural origins and mission is to see only part of the Church. *Inside the Vatican* is just such a partial view.

Wrap-up: Inside yet outside.

Three Circles of Light, Pietro di Donato (Messner. \$3.95)

The adjectives have been flowing ever since this new di Donato was announced. "Beautiful," says Ben Hecht. Others prefer "unique . . . three-dimensional . . . wild . . . exuberant . . . robust . . . fine . . . moving." It seems like old times. Twenty-one years ago the same sort of adjectives greeted his first novel, *Christ in Concrete*.

Unfortunately, the similarity between the two novels is more than blurb-deep. The whole book makes you think of its predecessor. Pietro di Donato has recast the same concrete.

The setting is West Hoboken, New Jersey. More particularly it's a vast tenement containing Jews, Armenians, Italians and Irish. The author focuses on a fictional

re-creation of his own childhood days up to the time of his father's death. At that moment "the darkness, the long, long night which was to remain for decades about me, lowered to envelop the sunshine of my sweet, early, joyous, laughing days, and my precious boyhood fled from me. . . ."

It is the people who make that youth worth recalling. There was his father, construction worker, amateur entertainer, and unfaithful husband. His mother was a patient, religious woman, persistently in love with her husband. The other woman in the father's life was Delia Dunn, who doubles as his mistress and godmother of his son.

Outside the "family circle" there is the elderly Sebastiano, a sculptor, the husband of a beautiful, sensual young girl, Stella L'Africana, and foster father of his brother's son. To his adopted child he loses his wife. Paolino, the young boy, is a witness to their hayloft love-making, and in turn falls under the spell of Stella.

The story of Paolino's coming of age is a sensual, often vulgar, vaguely poetic, and above all grossly sentimental re-treading of old ground.

In his treatment of the Catholicism of his people, di Donato is vivid in his portrayal of their superstitions, superficial in his understanding of their theology, and plain wrong in a dozen factual matters. He employs the Protestant enumeration of the Commandments, produces a statue of Our Lady of Fatima a year before the visions, and calls the Communion prayers

of the Mass, the common and post-common. Such errors are not important, but in a book where the distinction between right and wrong becomes so blurred by sensual emotionalism, they are indicative.

Wrap-up: Old ground re-tracked in bad taste.

The Pastoral Sermons of Ronald A. Knox (Sheed & Ward. \$8.50)

Monsignor Knox's stature grows with the years. Now, ranking with his magnificent translation of the Bible and his superb study of religious fervor, *Enthusiasm*, we have an authoritative collection of his sermons.

Critics have already hailed this work as the greatest collection of sermons in the English language since Newman's were published. And well they should. For Knox was not only a master apologist and translator. He perfected an oratorical style that was uniquely brilliant and suited to his times.

There is a deep but quiet spiritual glow to Knox's preached word. He possessed an amazing ability to cloak moral and dogmatic truths in familiar everyday language. By simple yet startling analogies he brought new insight to the old truths.

As a stylist Knox was always excellent. It is, as the reader can see, a style that never becomes self-conscious. He was never the oratorical dandy out to parade his cleverness.

The Pastoral Sermons contain 108 of Knox's talks. They are grouped in nine sections according to subject. Many of them are in print for the first time. Others have been rescued from obscure journals.

This volume is an ideal gift for any priest or seminarian. The standard of pulpit excellence set by Monsignor Knox should be a mark for any cleric.

Wrap-up: Masterful presentation of spiritual doctrine.



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PIONEERS OF THE CONVERT APOSTOLATE

Books

Virginia Kendall reports:

Book reviewers have been blasted again this year by critics in both the secular and religious press -- for not being critical enough! But do reviewers generally give favorable reviews to most books? Yes, says the University of Illinois Library School. In a survey of 9,402 books reviewed in national publications during 1957, 6,584 received favorable reviews. Only 219 reviews were not favorable - while 119 were partly favorable.

Does the U.S. really export many books abroad? One university press representative recently reported American book exports now total about \$60,000,000 annually -- ten times greater than the peak reached during World War II.

What kind of American book catches immediate reader attention abroad? English publishers think the type of book like JOURNEY INTO SHAME, by John Howard Griffin (Houghton-Mifflin) -- a disturbing account of the author's experiences when he posed as a Negro in the South -- will create plenty of interest and sales in both England and the U.S.

Rome continues to hold the attention of publishers and readers as well as travelers. An absorbing account of the center of Christendom is INSIDE THE VATICAN, by Corrado Pallenberg. And readers who enjoyed the delightful THIS IS ROME, by Bishop Fulton Sheen, travel writer N. V. Morton


and photographer Yousuf Karsch, will look forward to a spiritual-pictorial-travel sequel in THIS IS THE HOLY LAND, now being prepared by the same trio of experts (all books from Hawthorn).

Was the American Book Exhibit at the Moscow Fair last year really a success? Some 28,000 books, placed on exhibition opening day, were intended for inspection by the Fair-goers. It was planned to sell the books there after the Fair closed. Apparently the comrades liked what they saw. Only 600 battered copies remained when the Fair closed. The rest had "disappeared" among the daily milling crowds. The book exhibit was a success.

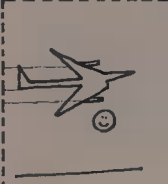
Advance Fall Fiction News will please readers looking for a change from serious non-fiction. Louis de Wohl fans will relish his new historical novel about the amazing St. Catherine of Siena in LAY SIEGE TO HEAVEN (to be published by Lippincott). Another entertaining adventure is promised in COMRADE DON CAMILLO, by Giovanni Guareschi (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy); and THE MAN WHO CAPTIVATED NEW YORK, by Rosalie Lieberman (Doubleday) will present new, imaginative events in the life of popular Brother Angelo.

Recommended for your home library or study club: APPROACHES TO CHRISTIAN UNITY, by C. J. Dumont, O.P. (Helicon)—for understanding some of the problems of reunion facing the coming Ecumenical Council; NORMS FOR THE NOVEL and IN ALL CONSCIENCE, by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. (both from Doubleday)—important for everyone concerned with standards of reading, reviewing and censorship.


CATHOLIC CONVENTIONS AND CONFERENCES THIS SUMMER




1960 LITURGICAL WEEK in Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 22-25. Theme: The Liturgy and Unity in Christ. *Contact:* 1960 Liturgical Week, 111 Blvd. of the Allies, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.




Convention of the AMERICAN CATHOLIC SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY at Fordham University in New York City, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. *Contact:* Sociological Department, Fordham University, Bronx 58, N. Y.




A PASTORAL INSTITUTE for priests and clerics in major orders at Conception Abbey, Conception, Mo., June 19-Aug. 14. Theme: Contemporary Parish Problems. *Contact:* Director of the Pastoral Institute, Conception Seminary, Conception, Mo.



THE NATIONAL NEWMAN CLUB Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 29-Sept. 3. Theme: Newman and the World Today. *Contact:* Convention Committee, 2099 Abington Rd., Cleveland 6, Ohio.



INSTITUTE OF CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION at the Catholic University, June 27-Aug. 5. Theme: Social teachings of the Church related to the American Scene. *Contact:* Institute of Catholic Social Action, Catholic University of America, Washington 17, D. C.



MISSION VACATION PROGRAM in Puerto Rico. Studies in sociology, missiology and history of religion

in Puerto Rico for an understanding of Hispanic culture and the Puerto Rican people. *Contact:* Catholic University Tours, 141 E. 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

YOUNG CHRISTIAN WORKERS Convention at St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Ind., Aug. 7-13. Theme: Politics, race and parish life. *Contact:* YCW, 1700 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill. WEST COAST YCW STUDY WEEK at Mount Angel, Oregon, July 17-22. *Contact:* YCW, 208 N.E. Weidler, Portland, Ore.

SOCIAL ACTION LEADERS CONFERENCE at the University of Niagara, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 26-28. Theme: The Meaning of Property in Modern Economic Society. *Contact:* National Catholic Social Action Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington 5, D. C.

National Catholic Conference for INTERRACIAL JUSTICE at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 25-28. Theme: Catholic Lay Leadership in the Parishes and Local Community. *Contact:* National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, 21 W. Superior St., Chicago 10, Ill.

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE interracial conferences at Childerley Farm near Chicago, Ill., July 15-17 and Aug. 19-21. *Contact:* Betty Plank, Friendship House, 4233 S. Indiana Ave., Chicago 53, Ill.

SUMMER BIBLICAL INSTITUTE for priests at Maryknoll Seminary, Glen Ellyn, Ill., July 4-15. *Contact:* Summer Biblical Institute for Priests, 21 W. Superior St., Chicago 10, Ill.

CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP SUMMER SCHOOL at St. Patrick's College, Ottawa, Canada, July 1-9. Theme: The Family Apostolate. *Contact:* Institute of Social Action, St. Patrick's College, 281 Echo Dr., Ottawa 1, Ont.

INTERNATIONAL FAMILY LIFE CONFERENCE in New York City, Aug. 23-26. Theme: Personal Maturity and Family Security. *Contact:* International Union of Family Organizations, 28 Place Saint-Georges, Paris, France.

THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS youth congress at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., Aug. 16-19. *Contact:* Third Order of St. Francis, 29 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill.

FOR AMERICANS ABROAD

PAX ROMANA (Graduate Division) will hold an assembly at Tioumliline, Morocco, Aug. 27-31. Theme: The Educated Christian in the New Africa. *Contact:* Pax Romana Secretariat, 14 Rue St. Michel, Fribourg, Switzerland.

INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS at Munich, Germany, July 31-Aug. 7. *Contact:* Eucharistischer Weltkongress, Promenadeplatz 2, Munich 2, Germany.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD of England will hold its annual summer school at Ampleforth College, near York, England, July 30-Aug. 6. Theme: Catholic Social Action and Its Place in the Lay Apostolate. *Contact:* Secretary, Catholic Social Guild, 125 Woodstock Rd., Oxford, England.

ITALY'S 33RD SOCIAL WEEK in Rome, Italy, Sept. 25-Oct. 1. Theme: Internal and International Migration in the Present Day World. *Contact:* Catholic Committee for Italian Social Week, Via della Conciliazione 3, Rome, Italy.

INTERNATIONAL STUDY WEEK on Mission Catechetics in Eichenstaett, Germany, near Munich, July 21-28. *American Contact:* Rev. John McGinn, C.S.P., St. Paul's College, Washington 17, D. C.

St. Louis University WORKSHOP in HUMAN RELATIONS and Group Guidance in Lisbon, Portugal, July 31-Aug. 31. *Contact:* Rev. Trafford P. Maher, S.J., 221 N. Grand, St. Louis 3, Mo.



The Best Things in Life Are Not Sideshows

Summer is here and with it comes the renewed realization that the American craze for spectacular entertainment has reached absurd proportions. We have lost sight of the fundamental truth that the man who can entertain himself is the happy man. Good reading, creative hobbies, relaxing and enjoyable sports, appreciation of the arts, ■ love of nature, interesting conversation—these are the true entertainments that refresh the body and nourish the soul.

But more and more the colossal and spectacular in entertainment are dangled before the public as lures. Usually these big splashes are highly lucrative commercial adventures. A case in point is the new, widely publicized "Freedomland."

Touted in *Look* magazine and displayed on the Ed Sullivan Show, Freedomland is the effete and political-minded East Coast's answer to Disneyland. Located in the Bronx, a hop, skip and ■ jump from mid-Manhattan, 205-acre Freedomland undoubtedly will prove to be a bonanza for its backers.

The advertising copy reads: "A visit to Freedomland is an unforgettable experience. At Freedomland you're an eyewitness, ■ participant in the history of America. From birth, through all the exciting stages of growth . . . and beyond into the future, America unfolds before your eyes. . . ."

The educational part of Freedomland is fine. But beyond this there is another interest: to "land" a good chunk of your cash. The huge investment of 65 million dollars to launch the operation demands this. Once Freedomland gets into full swing this summer, 22,500 visitors ■ day are expected. Three thousand actors and attendants will be employed. It is estimated that each visitor will spend \$3.25.

Miniature Freedomlands already flourish across the country. They go by various names—Fairyland, Animal Land, Wild West Village, and what have you. All prey on

the gullibility of John Q. Public, flush with vacation money and out to give the family a good time.

The gimmick in many of them is that the admission ticket simply gets you inside the gate. To see the choice spectacles and enjoy the better rides you pay and pay and pay. A family of five or six can easily leave \$25 to \$30 at one of these places.

The paradox of these Freedomlands is that they badly need slaves—slaves of sensation who can be entertained only by bigger and bigger extravaganzas. New York's Freedomland offers marauding Indians, the Chicago fire and a train robbery among its historic items.

In addition ■ special kind of American slave is required—the doting, sentimental parent who fears antagonizing or denying spoiled children. The promoters well understand that the cry, “take me to Freedomland,” will not be resisted by too many parents. And once the kids get loose, Freedomland will emancipate many greenbacks from Pop's wallet.

How Americans spend their money is their own business. But isn't it about time that we got wise to these overblown sideshows so well designed to relieve us of our cash?

But much more important than the money angle is the principle involved. True enjoyment is a capacity that must be created and developed in people, especially the young. And the entertainment spectacles we encourage with our patronage contribute very little to such growth.

It would be much better to spend the money on good books for the children—books that will fire their imaginations and spirits and stimulate them to read more. Or better yet, to organize trips and outings to state parks and reserves and give youngsters a knowledge of the beauties of nature. Another sensible investment would be in equipment for hobbies that will develop creative talents which will in turn provide life-long pleasure.

The sensible use of leisure time becomes ■ greater concern as Americans are freed through technological advances from the burdens of daily labor. Parents should remember this in rearing their children and teach them how to use their minds for enjoyment. The trips to Freedomlands, by whatever name they go, should have a very low priority in the family budget if they get on the list at all. K. A. L.

I am a divorced non-Catholic, but in the past few months I have become very interested in the Catholic Faith. Is it possible for me to take instructions and become a Catholic? And if so, could I ever marry a Catholic in the Catholic Church?

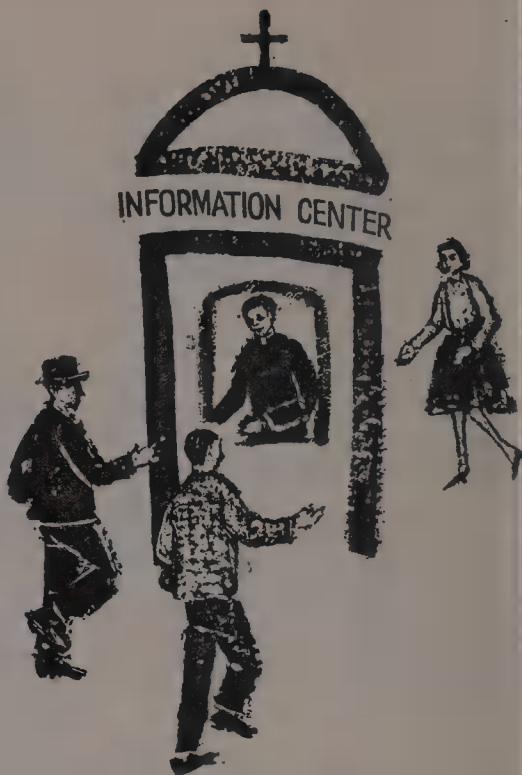
The best advice I can give is to urge you to arrange for instructions as soon as possible. That answers the first question. God is inviting you to share the fullness of His grace and truth. Such an opportunity outweighs every other consideration.

Whether as a convert you would be free to marry depends upon so many factors that even to enumerate them here would, I think, be ill-advised. I do not want to raise your hopes or discourage you without good reason. The priest who undertakes your instruction will discuss your marital status with you, although even he may not be able to give a definite answer immediately.

The important thing at the moment is that you come and see. Don't keep God waiting.

How can a priest in confession listen year after year to people's sins without being weakened in his own moral life?

Since Christ Himself commanded priests to hear confessions, they rely upon Him to protect



JOHN ZIEGLER, C.S.P., S.T.D.
DIRECTOR

them from harm in doing so. By daily prayer and meditation and particularly by the offering of Mass, priests receive what strength they need to ward off any temptations arising from their ministry.

Actually, hearing confessions helps to increase a priest's sense of sin. It is not at all like reading a "true confession" magazine. For by the time it is whispered through the screen, every sin has lost whatever allure it once had. It has now

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become a gnawing burden which the penitent sincerely regrets and wants to be rid of.

So, although full of admiration for the sinner's courage in confessing, the priest is not inclined to admire the sins themselves.

A current best seller is entitled "The Devil's Advocate." Does such an official exist in the Church?

Yes, although "The Devil's Advocate" is not his official title. He has the duty of presenting possible objections against the Church's declaring someone a saint.

Before anyone is "canonized" (placed on the list of those Christians who have certainly entered heaven), his life is subjected to a careful examination. Evidence of extraordinary holiness must be produced, and it is this evidence that the "Devil's Advocate" tests to make sure it is altogether genuine.

Even if his life passes this rigid scrutiny, the person in question is not canonized unless God testifies to his sanctity by working miracles through his intercession.

I am not a Catholic and for a long time I was somewhat shocked to hear my Catholic friends talk about praying to the Sacred Heart. Finally I found out they were referring to Jesus. Don't you think this expression is rather confusing?

Yes, until it is explained. Then the confusion turns at once into deep appreciation, as I'm sure it did for you.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as you now know, is devotion to Christ Himself. It embraces His whole character and personality. But focusing attention on the heart of Christ as a symbol of His intense love for us helps greatly.

The human heart has always been taken as a symbol of love—in fact, of every noble emotion. We frequently refer to someone who is generous as "big-hearted." The idea may not be physiologically sound, but that is of little consequence. As a symbol we understand it perfectly.

St. John writes: "God is love." Honoring the heart of Christ helps us remember this tremendous truth.

What is the meaning of the ring worn by some Catholic Sisters?

It is a symbol that they have given their hearts entirely to Christ. Just as an ordinary wedding ring signifies the complete fidelity vowed by a woman to her husband, a nun's ring shows that she has vowed fidelity to a life in the service of her divine Lover.

I heard a priest say that every time we sin we crucify Christ. This confuses me. Christ is not suffering in heaven, is He?

No, He is not. Glorious and immortal, Christ is incapable now of the slightest pain. So the statement that we are crucifying Christ by our sins is not to be understood literally.

It has a true meaning, however, because by sinning we show our-

selves *willing* to cause Christ His sufferings all over again. One sin — at least one mortal sin — needs Christ's death to atone for it. For this reason, if Christ had not already died to expiate a serious sin committed now, He would have to do so to save the sinner. So it can truly be said that by the sins we commit now we crucify Christ.

This is an old question, I know, but can you explain why, if God always hears our prayers, He doesn't always answer them?

Yes, it is an old question, but one frequently asked. No one though is likely to improve on the answer given 1,500 years ago by St. Augustine. He listed three reasons for unanswered prayers:

1. *We ask for the wrong things.* If we have a good memory, we can probably recall having asked God for several "favors" which, had He granted them, we would wish today He hadn't. Our heavenly Father knows best. Some day, or at least in the next life, we will realize His wisdom in refusing what we think would be good for us and giving something better instead.

2. *We ask in the wrong way.* If we rattle off prayers in parrot-fashion, without thinking, is it any wonder that God turns a deaf ear to us? Also, we often may pray without confidence or humility. God wants us to trust Him completely, to rely upon Him as the only one who can help us.

3. *We ask while we ourselves are doing wrong.* How many times, when we talk to God, do we have

to pass over in silence some habit of sin which we are unwilling to part with? Friendship, human or divine, doesn't thrive on insincerity, and unless we face God with at least an honest desire not to offend Him anymore, we should not be surprised if He does not give us all that we ask.

St. Augustine's own life illustrates another reason why at times our prayers seem to be unanswered. When we pray for someone's conversion or return to the sacraments, we must remember that, while God gives the grace, He does not compel anyone to accept it. For long years before his return, Augustine's mother, Monica, stormed heaven for his repentance. But would her son ever have forsaken sin for sanctity if she had not persevered in her prayers?

In the Apostles' Creed we say: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth." But we don't believe that only God the Father created the world, do we?

No, Creation was the work of all three Persons. Jesus spoke of the Father as Creator because we naturally think of a father in this role.

The New Testament and the prayers of the Church are filled with phrases that attribute certain actions of God to the Father or the Son or the Holy Spirit. In this way we are continually reminded of the greatest secret God revealed to us about Himself, that He is not one Person alone, as we would think, but rather three Persons.



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A Fine Catholic Magazine

The number of Catholic magazines that come our way each month is truly phenomenal. Most of them are sponsored by mission groups, each one telling in his own way the needs and problems they encounter in their particular field. Too many of them, however, are rather poorly done and hence have little or no appeal. We feel there is too much duplication in the Catholic magazine field thus reducing an otherwise tremendous potential.

One magazine that consistently catches our eye and has a fine record for excellence is *INFORMATION* magazine edited by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, better known as the Paulist Fathers.

The magazine truly lives up to its name. Its objective is to scan the picture of the Catholic church in American life.

Thumbing through the pages of any issue quickly reveals that this Catholic magazine is well planned and put together. The day this monthly arrives is one of the highlights on the calendar.

The magazine deserves much wider circulation. It is now well over 50,000. Catholic study groups would do well to place a magazine of this caliber in public libraries. It belongs in Catholic homes, school and parish libraries as well as Catholic hospital carts. It costs \$4.00 a year and is printed at 180 Varick Street, New York 14, New York.

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